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SUNSET.

BY W. S. H.

How bright the skirts of darkness shine
When Joy's expiring sunbeams line
With molten gold
Drear Grief's oncoming darksome cloud
Which glides o'er life's bright sky, the shroud,
So damp and cold,
Of all the Hopes that we have told!

When deepening twilight spreads her shade,
And Fancy's richest colors fade,
That Hope doth paint
How softly falls the dewy mist
By which each folding flower is kist
On Grief's distraint,
Their fragrance stealing, sweet and faint!

O visioned happiness that fades!
O deep calm Love, that still pervades
The cells of thought!
Do ye not sweeten Sorrow's cup,
Sweeten the tears that fill it up,
Which flow unsought
When hearts with sadness are o'erwrought?

Ah yes; in softened splendor do
Our faded dreams revive, and woo
Us, now resigned
To Fate's decree, to visions bright,
Seen ever in quick failing light,
Yet leave behind
Some fond remembrance in the mind.

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

CLAIRE drew a long breath. It was like Desdemona listening to Othello.

"I fancy I should have spent the remainder of my days with those children of the forest, but one morning there happened to come a bank of clouds across the sky that looked like cliffs. I thought of the cliffs of old England, and a sudden home sickness fell upon me, and took possession of me. I sold my skins and feathers to the chief, and that same night rode out of the camp, and straight for the coast, and took ship for England; and so came back to the land of my birth, which I had not seen since a boy."

He tilted his hat back from his forehead, and looked at her with a grave smile.

Claire only half awoke from the spell which his story had cast over her.

"Doubtless you are glad to get back to your friends." Feeling that she must say something.

The smile died away from his face, and it grew graver.

"I should have been, if I had had any," he said, very quietly. "But I haven't. I knew no one in England."

"Your relations?" said Claire, again, reluctantly.

"I have none," he said. "I never knew my father or mother. I was brought up by a couple who had had charge of me since I was a child; it was from them I ran away. But I am quite sure I have wearied you to death, Miss Sartoris, and probably disgusted you with this choice sample of egotism.

"I assure you I am not in the habit of recounting my adventures in this wholesale fashion; indeed, I don't think I have ever mentioned them to anyone before," and he frowned slightly, as if he were puzzled and rather annoyed with himself for having been so confidential.

"You have not tired me," said Claire. "It has been very—very interesting. I do not think many men have had such a varied and adventurous life."

"It's to be hoped not," he said, with a faint smile.

"It does not sound altogether an unhappy one," remarked Claire.

"Oh, no!" and the laugh died away, and a touch of melancholy came into the dark eyes.

"It has been rather a lonely and solitary one," he said, gazing at the sketch.

"Have you finished it?" asked Claire.

"Yes; just finished it," he replied, absently.

"Will you let me see it?" she asked.

It was an awkward request.

He reddened slightly and looked confused; then he said, "Certainly, one moment!"

He took out his penknife and rapidly cut off his sketch portrait of her, then took the sketch of the chapel to her.

She bent down and looked at it.

"I thought you said you had finished it?" she remarked, innocently.

"Oh; not quite," he said. "As much as I meant to do this morning."

"It will be very good," said Claire.

"Thank you," he said, humbly. "I will go into the chapel now and look round."

Claire gathered her reins together as if about to ride off, then she said—

"Perhaps the door is locked also, I will see."

She slipped from the saddle, and flinging the bridle over the railings, passed through the gate and tried the old oaken door.

It was open, and Gerald removing his hat, followed her in. She noticed the little act of reverence, and was pleased. They looked round together in silence for a moment.

"It is a beautiful old building," he said, "and in a wonderful state of preservation, considering its age. It is Norman."

"You tell it by the——?"

"By the arches and the lines over them," he said, "as well as by other signs. That is the effigy of a Norman knight. There are tombs here," he added, as he bent down to examine the floor.

"Yes;" said Claire, "some of the Whartons are buried here. Lord Wharton was very proud of the chapel, and had great care taken of it."

He poked about, pushing the grass aside and disclosing time-worn memorial slabs.

"The lichen has eaten away most of the inscriptions," he said, "but some of the letters still remain; one feels them better than sees them." He passed his hand over the stone.

Claire bent down on the other side of it.

"Is that so?" she asked.

"Yes; see!" he said, "or rather, feel."

Claire was much interested. She took off the gauntlet from her right hand, and passed her finger softly over the stone, her eyes half closed.

"You are feeling in the wrong place," he said, "there are no letters there. Permit me," he took her hand and guided it along the faintly marked line.

As his hand enclosed hers firmly, yet gently, a strange thrill ran through Claire, beginning at her finger tips, and running through her whole frame. She felt a desire to draw her hand away from his, and yet an incapacity to do so.

She glanced at him through her half-closed eyes, her breath coming a little faster, her dark brows drawn into a slight frown. But he seemed quite unconscious, and quite engrossed in their strangely mutual task.

"Can you feel anything?" he asked.

His face was of necessity very close to hers, and its nearness confused her and made it difficult for her to speak on the instant. At last she said, and coldly, "I think I felt a letter."

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is a G," she said.

"Yes; and the next?"

"Is it an E?" she asked.

He passed his finger over the letter and looked at her abstractedly.

"You are right," he said.

"And the next is an R or a K," she said.

"It is an R. How quick you are! A woman's fingers are so sensitive. That is why they make the best fisherman, as an Irishman would say."

She wanted to draw her hand away, but though she could have done so now, she did not like to do so.

"The next letter has quite gone," she said, "but the next is an L and then a D." She spelt out the word as far as she had deciphered it. "GER—LD."

She raised her eyes and looked at him.

"It must be Gerald," she said.

He laughed. "Yes; my name, strange to say; and yet not strange; it is a common enough name."

"It was one of Lord Wharton's names," said Claire.

"Yes," he said, "no doubt it is a family name, and we should find it on other tombs here."

He still held her hand as if he had forgotten he held it.

She drew it away and stood upright and looked round, holding her breath for a moment, and with a faint color mantling in her cheek, but when he looked up at her, the color had gone, and she was as cold, or rather reserved, as usual. She glanced at the watch on her waist.

"I must go," she said, "I hope you will find some interesting things to draw here."

"Thank you," he said, half absently. "But I don't expect I shall find anything more interesting than the sketch I took outside;" and his hand slipped into his jacket pocket where the sketch of her lay hidden.

"Good-morning;" she said.

"You will let me help you to mount?" he said, as he raised his hat.

"No, thank you"' she said, rather quickly without turning her head, and she passed out.

Gerald Wayre stood for a moment looking at the doorway through which she had disappeared. It seemed to him that the chapel had become dark all of a sudden. He looked down at the tomb abstractedly, then he stooped and picked up something; it was her gauntlet.

He held it in his palm and gazed at it thoughtfully, he could have almost fancied that it retained the warmth of her long, shapely hand, whose touch seemed still to linger about his fingers.

He pressed the glove against his cheek; then, with a flush and an impatient exclamation, he flung the gauntlet from him and turned his back upon it.

But a moment or two afterwards, he glanced over his shoulder at it; it seemed to have a reproachful expression as if it were a human sentient thing, and with another half-angry, half impatient exclamation, he strode to it, picked it up and thrust it into his bosom. There it seemed like a warm, living thing, nestling against his heart.

His lips grew tight and he frowned.

"What has come to me?" he said, under his breath. "I must be mad!"

CHAPTER VI.

CLAIRE rode down the perilous path, and long before she had got to the road at the bottom she missed her glove.

She was rather annoyed at her carelessness, for gauntlet riding gloves are not to be bought in every country town; but she felt that she could not go back after it. Mr. Wayre was there still. She would go back for it to-morrow morning.

As she went at a gentle trot along the road that winds to the Court, she saw Mr. Mordaunt Sapley coming towards her. He raised his hat, stopped, as she came up with him, and Claire pulled up.

"Good-morning," he said, with the mixture of familiarity and respect in which he always addressed her, and which Claire did not like.

"I was going to the Court, Miss Sartoris; my father wishes me to speak to you about Grimley's farm. They are behind hand with their rent, and he thinks they ought to have notice to quit; he would have given them notice last week, but he—er—fancied that you did not wish him to?"

"Are they very much behind?" said Claire, hesitatingly. Lord Wharton had never interfered with Mr. Sapley, who had, in reality ruled the estate, and she wished to follow in Lord Wharton's path as closely as possible; but the idea of ejecting a tenant, of treating anyone of them harshly, was repugnant to her.

"Grimley broke his arm last autumn," she said, "and the harvest was bad; I do not like turning him out of the farm; he has been there a great many years." Her eyes grew pitiful. "I should be glad if Mr. Sapley could let him remain, and give him another chance."

Mr. Mordaunt Sapley looked up at her with as much admiration in his small eyes as he dared display.

"You are so kind-hearted Miss Sartoris!" he said, with an ingratiating smile, and the mannikin Oxford drawl, which Claire disliked as much as she disliked his manner.

"Of course, he ought to go; a man has no right to stop on a farm when he cannot pay the rent, and we have been very lenient with Grimley. My father has to do his duty by the estate, you know, Miss Sartoris. He has only your interest at heart."

"I am quite sure of that," said Claire, "and I should not venture to interfere in any way."

"Oh, the place is yours," he said, coming a little nearer, and looking up at her in a way that made Claire's face grow colder and more reserved. "Your word is our law, and we are all your very humble, but willing slaves."

Claire tried to smile.

"I don't know that I require any slaves, Mr. Sapley," she said; "but you are very kind; and I shall be glad if your father can let Grimley remain."

"I am sure he will," said Mr. Mordaunt, "especially as you desire it so much." He smiled very impressively, and laid his hand upon the horse's neck.

She seemed to resent his touch, though she had accepted Gerald's caress willingly enough, and Claire resented it also; it was almost as if Mr. Mordaunt Sapley had laid his hand upon her arm. She drew herself up, unconsciously, and her brows went straight.

"Good-morning," she said, with that tone which a woman uses when she draws herself aloft from the person she addresses, and with a cold bow rode away from him.

The smile died away from Mr. Mordaunt's face as he looked after her, and his lips moved as if he were swearing under his breath; then the smile came back again, though in rather a sickly fashion, for she had pulled up, and looked back at him as if she wished to speak. He hurried towards her, hurried instinctively, though he would have liked to have sauntered.

"I found a dog of yours last night, Mr. Sapley," she said, looking over her head. "It is looked up in the stable; the groom will give it to you if you ask for it."

He reddened, and his small eyes were cast down, and then raised to her face, with a sinking kind of inquiry. Had she witnessed the scene between him and Gerald Wayre? But her face was like that of the Sphinx; and, as she rode off, Mr. Mordaunt gnawed at his moustache, and swore again.

"Curse her, she speaks to me as if I were a dog myself!" he said. "She hates me; worse than hates me, looks down at me as if I were the dirt under her feet! The guv'nor must have been mad last night when he talked as he did—stark, staring mad. Yet he said he could help me. What did he mean? Oh, he must have been mad! He ought to have seen her treatment of me this morning!" And he walked on, gnawing at his lip, and cutting viciously at the wild flowers beside his path.

At the turn of the road from which another leads down to Regna, she paused for a moment or two to look at the exquisite view. Here the cleft in the rock in which the village lies opens out like a funnel, and a triangular piece of the sea is visible. It glowed like a sapphire this morning, the fishing boats dancing on an ocean of jewels.

"If I were an artist, like Mr. Wayre, I should like to paint that," said Claire to herself.

As she was about to ride on, the slim figure of a girl came out from a meadow gateway, and stood with her hands shading her eyes, looking up the road down which Claire had ridden, and up which Mr. Mordaunt had gone. It was Lucy Hawker, and Claire, who knew and liked the girl, called to her softly.

Lucy had not seen Claire, and as she heard her name, she started with a vivid blush, and seemed about to shrink back into the meadow again; then she stopped, with her hand pressed against the bosom," and her breath coming fast.

Claire rode up beside her.

"Good morning, Lucy," she said. "How startled you look! Did I frighten you?"

"Oh, no, miss," said Lucy, dropping a curtsey. "That is—yes; you did startle me a little. I thought it was somebody else."

Claire smiled and looked at her with friendly admiration. In her pretty print frock and cotton sunbonnet, Lucy made a charming picture of rusticity.

"Whom did you think it was?" she asked.

Lucy fumbled nervously with the strings of her sunbonnet, and looked as if she were confused. She had thought it was Mr. Mordaunt Sapley, but she could not say so. She was asking herself, in a nervous tremor, whether Miss Sartoris had seen Mordaunt Sapley parting from her a few minutes ago. A sudden idea struck her.

"I thought it might be Mr. Wayre, miss," she said.

The smile still lingered on Claire's face; but a slight color also rose to it.

"Mr. Wayre?" she said, and there was a touch of coldness in her surprise.

"Yes, miss," said Lucy, regaining her composure somewhat, but still blushing under the regard of Claire's violet eyes.

There was something magnetic in those wonderful eyes of Claire's, and Lucy felt as if they were reading her secret; so, as she answered, the blush still came and went. "Mr. Wayre, the gentleman who lodges with us."

"Oh!" said Claire; "I did not know that he was staying at your cottage. And you were looking for him?"

"Yes, miss," replied Lucy, looking down, and working the toe of her neat but serviceable boot into the grass. "I—I wanted to tell him that his lunch was ready. I—I thought he might be—painting somewhere near at hand."

"He is sketching up at the chapel," said Claire, a little coldly. She could not account for the girl's evident confusion. "I hope he is a good lodger?" she added, aimlessly.

"Oh, yes, miss," said Lucy, with enthusiasm. "He's the best we ever had—so kind and thoughtful; and he gives so little trouble, and he's so pleased with everything. Father says it's quite a pleasure to have a gentleman like him at the cottage. There's many that comes—tourists, and such-like—as calls themselves gentlemen, but they're not real gentlemen, like Mr. Wayre."

"I am glad you have so satisfactory a lodger," said Claire. "You've not been up to see me, lately, Lucy?"

Lucy had been in the habit of coming up to the Court now and again, bringing fish or mushrooms; and Claire had often taken her round the garden, and filled her emptied baskets with flowers.

Lucy looked from right to left, with a little troubled expression in her eyes, then cast them down, and dug at the grass nervously.

"Having a lodger has kept me busy, Miss Claire," she said, with a little catch in her voice.

"I see," said Claire. "Well, you must come up as soon as you can; I have some new flowers to show you."

"Thank you, miss," said Lucy, timidly, and with a suppressed sigh.

"You will find Mr. Wayre up at the chapel," said Claire; and with a nod and a smile she rode on.

Lunch was on the table when she got home, and Mrs. Lexton awaited her.

Claire sat down in her habit.

"I hope you've not been dull, Mary?" she said.

"Oh, no, dear," replied Mrs. Lexton. "It sounds rude, but I have scarcely missed you. I've been wandering about this beautiful place, and trying to persuade myself that it is all real. It is like a beautiful picture. I haven't seen half of it yet."

"We will make a tour of inspection after lunch," said Claire.

Mrs. Lexton looked at her admiringly.

"And I have not quite persuaded myself that you are real, Claire," she said. "How well you look! Did you have a nice ride?"

"Yes," said Claire, rather absently.

She was asking herself whether she should tell Mrs. Lexton about her meeting with Gerald Wayre; then, ashamed of her hesitation, she said, quickly—

"I have had quite an adventure this morning. I went up to the chapel on the hill and met Mr. Wayre, the gentleman who found my spray last night. He is an architect," she smiled, "and ever so many other things, and he is sketching the chapel."

"Oh," said Mrs. Lexton, with placid interest, "is he a clever young man?"

"Yes, I think so," said Claire, with an indifference which she felt was assumed. "I only saw a part of a sketch which he had made. Shall we go for a drive this afternoon, or would you like to wander about the grounds, Mary?"

Mrs. Lexton said that she would rather see something more of the house.

"I feel that I want to know it as soon as possible," she said.

Claire laughed.

"Your enthusiasm is quite catching, Mary," she said, "although I have been here so many years, there are some parts of the house that I have not been into. A portion was always kept closed, during Lord Wharton's life, and since his death," her voice dropped, "I have felt no desire to penetrate into it. The inhabitated part is quite huge enough for one person, and I am glad you have come, Mary, to share it jointly with me. Wait till I have changed my habit and we will start while your enthusiasm is still hot."

She exchanged her habit for a dress of plain, white merino, whose black sash made it a significant mourning, and they went into the ground and towards the wing which Gerald Wayre had spoken of on the preceding night. Here the walls were closely covered by ivy, which had partly overgrown some of the windows. With its arched doorway and diamond panes, the wing looked very ancient, and somewhat weird.

"How exquisite!" exclaimed Mrs. Lexton. "And this part is unoccupied?"

"Yes, and has been for years. I think the rooms have been left undisturbed since the time of Lord Wharton's grandfather. The village folk say that it is haunted, and that figures of the usual vagueness and whiteness are seen to pass the windows. I believe that a murder was once committed in one of the rooms."

"How delightful!" said Mrs. Lexton, with a shudder. "We can get in I suppose?"

"I have brought some old keys with me," said Claire, "and I am hoping that one will fit. Yes; this is the one. How stiff the lock is!"

The key turned after some pressure, and the door creaked back on its hinges. They entered a small passage with an old worm-eaten stair at the further end. Dust lay thick everywhere, and to Mrs. Lexton's consternation a mouse, as much startled as she was, scampered across the oak floor.

They opened the doors leading to the ground floor rooms, and found themselves in spacious apartments, furnished in old-world style, and with the dust as thick as in the hall.

Claire looked round her curiously, and Mrs. Lexton held her breath.

"I can quite understand the village people's belief," she said, "the place feels haunted. What magnificent furniture! Claire it is a sin to leave it here, neglected and going to ruin."

"Let us go upstairs," said Claire.

They went up to the upper floor. It was as fully furnished as the rooms below. One was a bedroom, with the hangings to the bed in rents, torn by the hand of Time. A satin coverlet lay across a chair, as if it had been thrown there only on the night previous.

"The murder may have been committed in that bed!" said Mrs. Lexton, in an awe-struck voice. "Let us go away!"

They went into the opposite room, and Mrs. Lexton uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, this has been used lately," she said.

It was furnished as a sittingroom, with old oak furniture and dark maroon hangings. There were pictures on the walls, and ashes in the grate, and the dust was not nearly so thick as it was in the other rooms.

"See, Claire, someone has been writing at this bureau!" said Mrs. Lexton. "Here is the pen and some torn paper!"

"I do not know who could have used it," said Claire. "Unless it was Lord Wharton; and I do not know why he should come here. That door must lead to the inhabited part of the house. He could come in here through that."

As she indicated the door, Mrs. Lexton started, and gripped Claire's arm.

"What is the matter?" asked Claire.

"There is someone moving behind that door!"

They both stood motionless and listened. Mrs. Lexton went pale. Claire heard a faint noise, and the door opened slowly, Mrs. Lexton uttered a faint scream. The door opened wider, and Mr. Sapley appeared.

He started at sight of them, and a curious look passed over his face; then he bowed, and his large mouth twisted into a smile.

"Miss Sartoris!" he said.

Claire had regained her self possession in a moment.

"You frightened us, Mr. Sapley," she said. "I thought no one came here?"

He looked at her sharply with his small eyes.

"No one does," he said, "but I—I was told that a part of the wing was falling to ruin, and I thought I would look to it. I am disturbing you; I will go, and come another time."

"No, please," said Claire. "I should like to see the part you speak of."

Mrs. Lexton had drawn back behind her. Mr. Sapley's peculiar physiognomy impressed her more unpleasantly even than it had done the night before.

"Certainly," he said, obsequiously. "It must be at the further end. If you will follow me."

They followed him down stairs, and into the open air. Mrs. Lexton drew a breath of relief, and even Claire was glad to get into the sunlight. Mr. Sapley looked up and down the wing, and poked about with his stick.

"Yes; it is bad," he said. "I think it had better be seen to at once. The whole of this part ought to come down, and be rebuilt. It ought to have been done before. It will require some care. I will get an architect down from Exeter or from London."

At the word "architect," a thought flashed through Claire's mind.

"I know an architect who will do it," she said.

Mr. Sapley turned his eyes upon her sharply.

"You know an architect!" he said, as if he were off his guard for a moment; then, recovering himself, he smirked, "Who is he, Miss Sartoris? I hope he is a good one; it will need some skill."

Claire looked straight before her, with a look of decision, which Mr. Sapley had learned to know and hate.

"His name is Gerald Wayre," she said, "and he is staying in the village."

Mr. Sapley started slightly, and his small eyes turned inwards, as if he were trying to remember something.

"Certainly!" he said. "Anyone you wish, Miss Sartoris."

CHAPTER VII.

GERALD was sitting at breakfast the second morning after his meeting with Claire at the chapel, when Lucy entered with a letter.

"For me?" he said, looking up from his plate in some surprise. For there was no one from whom he expected a letter.

"Yes sir," said Lucy; "a boy has just brought it from Mr. Sapley's."

She flushed a little, and looked down as she spoke the name.

"Oh!" said Gerald, queerly.

Perhaps it was the summons for trespass.

He opened the letter, and his rather grim smile changed to one of astonishment. The note was a short one, and intimated that Mr. Sapley would be glad if Mr. Gerald Wayre could meet him at the Court at twelve o'clock that day, to confer with Mr. Sapley respecting some proposed repairs to the building. If that hour would be inconvenient, perhaps Mr. Wayre would name another.

Gerald laid the note on the table, and gazed at it reflectively.

Though the letter had come from Mr. Sapley, the agent, Gerald knew, or rather felt, that it had been ordered by the mistress of the Court.

How should Mr. Sapley know that he was an architect; or, knowing it, be willing to employ him?

Should he go?

Prudence whispered: "Send a polite refusal; it will be better for you not to see any more of Miss Sartoris, whose glove you have got hidden in your waistcoat pocket, just over your heart; indeed, it will be wise if you pack up your few belongings and depart from Regna for some distant clime—as distant as possible." But at Gerald's age Prudence is not often listened to.

The prospect of doing anything to the Court, the thought of the few pounds which remained in his purse, tempted him to accede to Mr. Sapley's concise, but polite, request.

"Well, I'll go and see what he wants," he said.

"Beggars ought not to be choosers; and if I don't like it I can say no. There will be no harm done."

He found the boy who had brought the note sitting in a ramshackle room, which was attached to the cottage, and formed the inn part of it.

"Tell Mr. Sapley 'all right,' I will be there," he said.

Then he went to his room and put on his best suit, got his box of drawing instruments, and a block of cartridge paper, and went out.

It was much too early to present himself at the Court, and he made a round of it, thinking deeply as he went. He had no idea of what was wanted, or whether he would be man enough for the job; but he had never lacked confidence, and it did not desert him on this occasion.

As he strode along, he stopped now and again to look round him—at the village lying in the clefts of the rocks, at the prosperous farms, at the thick woods and fertile uplands, and reminded himself for about twenty times, that they all belonged to this young lady who had sent for him; that she was rich, and a power in the land, and that he was a poor sort of an adventurer upon whom she had taken pity. She had been so friendly with him up at the chapel that he had been inclined to forget the difference between them; he must be on his guard against forgetting it for the future.

As the stable clock struck twelve, he went up the terrace steps, and was met by the butler at the hall door.

"Mr. Wayre, sir?" he said, interrogatively; "this way, please." And he led Gerald into the library.

Mr. Sapley was seated at the table, and he rose and looked at Gerald with a keen scrutiny in his small eyes. Now, he had intended to treat this unknown young man with a curt kind of condescension, with the patronising manner with which Mr. Sapley's kind only barely veil their insolence; but there was something in Gerald's manner and countenance which made Mr. Sapley pause.

Gerald did not look the kind of man to submit to insolence, however veiled; and there was something in the calm, grave regard of the dark eyes, something in the self-possessed bearing of the strong and graceful figure which made Mr. Sapley lower his eyes and shuffle his huge, flat feet uneasily.

"Mr. Wayre, I presume? Will you take a seat?"

"Thank you," said Gerald, and sat down.

At the sound of his voice, Mr. Sapley started slightly, and glanced at him with a keener scrutiny.

"Miss Sartoris—whom you have met, I believe?" He put the question as if he were assured of an affirmative, "desired me to write to you respecting some repairs that are required in the old part of the Court. You are an architect, Mr. Wayre?"

"Yes," said Gerald.

"I ask, because I do not find your name in the directory."

"It isn't there," said Gerald. "I am not a member of the Institute, or, indeed, a recognized member of the profession," he added frankly.

Mr. Sapley looked at him with a mixture of suspicion and satisfaction.

"That is rather awkward, Mr. Wayre," he said. "The work we wish to consult you about is rather—er—a delicate business. It is the restoration of an ancient part of the Court, and requires some technical knowledge and skill. I am afraid Miss Sartoris did not know that you were not a regular professional."

Before Gerald could answer, the door opened, and Mordaunt Sapley entered. He stopped short as he saw Gerald, and his face grew red and ugly with malice and resentment.

"This is Mr. Wayre; my son, Mr. Wayre," said old Sapley.

Gerald as he bowed regarded Mr. Mordaunt without a sign of recognition, but Mordaunt's face grew redder and more sullen.

"Mr. Wayre tells me that he is not a professional architect," remarked Mr. Sapley.

Mordaunt looked over Gerald's head. "Then that settles the business, I should think," he said with a covert sneer. "We couldn't think of intrusting important work to an amateur."

"I am scarcely an amateur," said Gerald, addressing the father. "I have done work and been paid for it. That removes me from the category of amateur does it not?"

"What work?" asked Mr. Sapley.

Gerald mentioned his jails and other buildings.

"Abroad, on the other side of the world!" said Mordaunt, lounging against the window and eyeing Gerald with an affectation of contempt.

"Have you done nothing in England?" asked Mr. Sapley.

"Nothing," said Gerald, quietly.

Mr. Sapley's face grew clearer, and his manner a little more pompous.

"I am afraid that that we could scarcely give you the commission under the circumstances," he said. "We have no evidence of your capacity."

"Very good," said Gerald, and he rose. "I think you're acting quite reasonably and I don't complain; indeed, I am much obliged to you for having given me the chance. Good morning, gentlemen."

Mr. Sapley rubbed his chin and glanced at him hesitatingly, but did not speak, and Gerald had nearly reached the door when it opened and Claire stood on the threshold. She looked very tall and statuesque in her white frock, and Gerald, as he drew back slightly, felt his heart give one throb of admiration.

She looked from one to the other, then bowed to him. He noticed that she did not give him her hand.

"Good morning," she said, calmly. "Is the business finished already?" and she looked inquiringly at Mr. Sapley.

"It is, Miss Sartoris," said Gerald, with a faint smile, which did not conceal his disappointment. "Mr. Sapley does not consider that I have experience, reputation, enough for this work—whatever it is; and I have no right to complain of his decision. It was very kind of you—of him," he corrected himself quickly, "to send for me."

A faint color rose to Claire's face as she stepped into the room, and stood by the table.

"There must be some mistake," she said, and she looked at Mr. Sapley with the expression of reserve which almost amounted to hauteur. "Have you told Mr. Wayre what is necessary to be done, what is required?"

Mr. Sapley drew his bestie brows over his eyes.

"No," he said, as curtly as he dared. "Mr. Wayre has not been here five minutes. I asked him a few questions as to his experience—usual questions—and he admitted that he had done nothing of the kind in England, and appeared to agree with me that the work ought to be entrusted to a responsible architect."

Claire glanced at Gerald who offered no contradiction of Mr. Sapley's statement.

"But Mr. Wayre has not seen the part of the building that requires alteration, repair!" she said half interrogatively. "Had you not better see it before you decide?" and she turned to him.

"I shall be very pleased," replied Gerald.

"Very well, then!" she said with a woman's impatience and impulsiveness. "It would be better for us to go and see it instead of wasting time talking of preliminaries."

Mr. Sapley's face darkened for a moment, then he put on his obsequious smile.

"A very good suggestion, Miss Sartoris," he said, "I was just about to make it when you came in; but Mr. Wayre caught me up, so to speak. We will go and see the wing at once. This way, Mr. Wayre."

Claire passed out of the room but paused in the hall. "I will go with you," she said, and she went up the stairs for her hat.

The three men went out, Mordaunt, at whom Claire had not even glanced, bringing up the rear and eyeing the back of Gerald's head with sullen hatred. He had "got himself up" in an expensive and beautiful fitting riding suit, and as he regarded himself and compared his clothes with Gerald's well-worn ones, he was filled with amazed resentment that Claire should have bestowed all her attention on this stranger, and let Mr. Mordaunt Sapley unnoticed.

Who was the fellow? and why was she so friendly towards him?

Why didn't she let the beggar take himself off?

"That is the wing," said Mr. Sapley, loudly; and pointing to it with a claw-like finger.

"It is a very fine specimen of early English," said Gerald.

"Yes," assented Mr. Sapley, insolently. "and ought not to be spoilt by ignorant patching."

"You are right," said Gerald, cheerfully, as he examined the weak places. "I should think a great portion of it—from that window, say—ought to come down and be rebuilt. The old plan might be even improved upon."

Mordaunt sneered.

"That would require a first-class architect," he said.

Gerald nodded with a pleasant frankness, which was more indicative of his contempt for Mordaunt's opinion than any words could have been.

"Quite true," he said. "The question is—whether I am architect enough."

As he spoke, Claire came down the terrace and joined them.

"Well?" she said, addressing no one of them in particular; but Gerald turned to her.

"A greater part of this wing should be rebuilt, Miss Sartoris," he said. "I cannot say how much until I have made a minute examination. I will do so, if you wish, and I will make the drawing of the rebuilding I should recommend. If you approve of the plan, and desire to employ me, I shall be glad to do the work. If not—well, there is no harm done, and Mr. Sapley can send for an architect of repute. There are plenty who would be delighted with such a commission as this."

He spoke pleasantly and frankly, but his tone was quite different to that with which he had talked to her two mornings ago. It was as if he wished to mark the difference between them, to indicate that he was sensible of the fact that she was his employer and he her servant.

Claire kept her eyes fixed on the building. She noticed the alteration in his manner.

"That is a very fair offer, Mr. Sapley?"

"Oh, very fair," he assented, sourly. "You bind yourself to nothing, of course, Miss Sartoris."

"Of course!" said Gerald, emphatically.

"It does not sound quite fair, after all," said Claire, still looking at the building. "If I should not like the plans, Mr. Wayre will have had all his work for nothing."

"I shall be quite content," said Gerald, quickly. "Frankly, I am hoping you will like the plans; anyway, I shall be delighted to seize the opportunity of studying the old work."

Mr. Sapley's brows went up and down.

"Then that is settled!" he said, somewhat dryly.

"Yes," said Mordaunt, with his Oxford drawl. "Perhaps Mr. Wayre will have no objection to putting his proposal in writing."

The color rose to Claire's face, and she seemed about to speak quickly, but before she could do so, Gerald said:

"Quite so; that is only right."

"And give us a couple of references," added Mordaunt, staring beyond Gerald.

Gerald looked at him.

"References?" he said quietly. "I am afraid I can not do that."

"It is usual," said Mordaunt, with a still more pronounced drawl.

"I know no one in England to whom I could refer you as to my respectability," said Gerald, gravely, but with no sign of resentment.

"Surely," began Mordaunt, with a faint sneer, but then Claire turned to Gerald quickly.

"It is quite unnecessary," she said. "We are not afraid that you will—run away with the old wing, Mr. Wayre."

Gerald inclined his head, perhaps to hide the swift look of gratitude, which flashed into his dark eyes.

The two Sapleys exchanged glances, and then stared at the ground.

"How soon can you commence?" asked Claire, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact way.

"At once. I have nothing to do." Mr. Sapley smiled significantly. "And I am eager to begin."

"Very well," she said, as if the matter were settled. "Please get on with it as quickly as possible, the old building may be dangerous. Good-morning, and thank you." She bent her head and walked from them, and the Sapleys stood, rather awkwardly, staring at the building. Then Mr. Sapley cleared his throat.

"I don't know that there is anything else to arrange, Mr. Wayre," he said, with the air of a man who finds it difficult to be civil. "Of course, it's very—er—irregular, but Miss Sartoris"—he shrugged his heavy shoulders—"Miss Sartoris is——"

"Impulsive and confiding," put in Mordaunt. "Well, she is responsible, not we!"

Gerald made no retort to this pleasant remark, but pushed his hat from his brow and contemplated the wing with an absorbed air, as if he were already at work at his plans.

"I think you said you knew no one in England, Mr. Wayre?" said Mr. Sapley, in a dry, suspicious tone.

"No one," assented Gerald, quite cheerfully. "I have been abroad all my life. This wing seems quite uninhabited?"

"It is. Abroad? What part, may I ask?" said Mr. Mordaunt, insolently.

Gerald took out his pocket-book, and jotted down a memorandum before replying, and Mordaunt's face, while he was being kept waiting, grew red with suppressed rage.

"America," said Gerald, at last.

"Rather a large address!" sneered Mordaunt, taking out a cigarette.

"Isn't it?" said Gerald, with a pleasant smile. "Mr. Sapley, shall I find a ladder about the premises? I want to get up on the roof."

"Yes, in the stable yard, no doubt," said Mr. Sapley, grimly.

"Thanks," said Gerald, in the most cheerful way. "Then I'll go and look for one."

And he strode off, humming the "Soldier's Chorus" from Faust.

Father and son looked at each other.

"What the deuce does it mean?" demanded Mordaunt, with suppressed fury. "She must be mad to trust that fellow—a complete stranger; for all she knows, a common thief and swindler—with such work. He ought not to be permitted near the Court! I say, he may be a common thief and swindler, for all we know. She must be mad! Why, she seems to—to have taken a fancy to the beast!"

Mr. Sapley shook his head.

"That's not likely," he said, as if he were speaking to himself. "She's too proud; it's just a whim. And, between you and me, Mordy, we're to blame for the way things have gone. We were too sharp with him before her. You put your foot in it, asking for references——"

Mordaunt turned upon him with a snarl.

"That's right, blame me, of course!" he said. "I tell you it wouldn't have mattered what we had done or said; she had made up her mind to employ him. She had taken a fancy to the fellow.

Mr. Sapley shook his head.

"No," he said, reflectively. "But it does not matter——"

"Doesn't matter!" echoed Mordaunt, with a sneer.

"No," said Mr. Sapely, his brows well over his eyes, his under lip projecting with an expression half resolute, half threatening. "It does not matter. Don't you be afraid, Mordaunt. You keep your eyes open and wait. Wait! I'll give her rope enough——"

His voice died away into an incoherent mutter as he turned and walked away, with bent head and scowling brows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If you want to gain a reputation for eccentricity, and to be universally dreaded, if not hated, blurt out the plain truth on all occasions.

Bric-a-Brac.

CATS.—In the middle ages it was deemed by the Romans an ill omen to meet a cat on the way to a wedding. The meeting of a cat on the evening of a marriage was considered a good omen.

WHY THEIR TAILS ARE WHITE.—Rabbits, it is said, have white tails so that in case of pursuit the young may distinguish their mother when she is leading them to the warren. The natural color of the rabbit is so like the surrounding earth that otherwise this would be difficult.

FIGS.—The best figs of commerce are chiefly grown in Asia Minor. The fruit begins to ripen towards the end of June; and the summer yield, which gives employment to a large population, comes to market in immense quantities in September and October. The trees often give a third crop, which ripens after the leaves have fallen.

HANDY FEET.—It is well known that persons who have had the misfortune to lose their arms, or even to be born without them, have been able to use their feet so cleverly as, in the course of time, hardly to miss their lost limbs. Apart from such cases, however, some races of mankind can employ their feet as nimbly almost as they can their hands. In China boatmen may be seen rowing with their feet; in Bengal weavers can weave with their feet; and in other parts of India women and children catch flies and mosquitoes with their feet.

THEY HAVE THEIR USES.—After all the abuse that has been hurled at microbes and all the schemes that have been laid for eluding them, scientific authority now proclaims that no home should be without them. It seems that all sorts of terrible diseases may be contracted by the consumption of bacilli in food, yet, in some paradoxical fashion, food cannot be properly digested without the aid of microorganisms. The question that will now be perpetually agitating the public will be how much microbe should be taken to keep digestion in order, and to what quantity inspiration of bacilli should be limited in order to avoid being poisoned.

THROUGH A DRAIN.—St. Bartholomew the Great is the oldest church in London. There is a curious legend concerning its foundation. When Rahere the king's minstrel, was journeying to Rome in 1120 in expiation of his sins, he dreamed that he was carried by a great monster to the brink of the bottomless pit. St. Bartholomew came and rescued him, and commanded him to build a church. On his return home, Rahere proceeded to carry out the command, and the church of St. Bartholomew the Great is the result. It was completed in 1133. Among the old registers in the vestry is an entry of the baptism of William Hogarth, the painter.

WHAT IS THE GOLDEN ROSE?—The Golden Rose of Virtue, which the Pope occasionally presents to those who work for the Church, was originally a single, simple flower of wrought gold, stained or tinted with red, in imitation of the natural color. Afterwards the golden petals were adorned with rubies and other gems, and finally the form adopted was that of a thorny branch with several flowers and leaves and one chief flower at the top, all of pure gold, with the exception of the precious stones with which the principal parts are embellished. This decoration is not often conferred, and it is considered of such consequence that it is either presented by the Pope in person or forwarded by a deputy of the highest ecclesiastical standing.

ONLY A TRICK.—The so-called glass snake does not break to pieces at the sight of an enemy, as is commonly supposed, but, like some lizards, throws off its tail in an effort to escape. There are several lizards which, when attacked, for instance, by a bird or animal, will throw off their tails, and the tail flopping up and down on the ground diverts the enemy and thus gives the lizard time to get away. The glass snake adopts the same trick, and thus frequently saves itself. It is true, however, that the joints of this singular creature are so loosely connected that the snake will be broken to pieces by a blow of a stick, though the idea of a reunion of the broken parts is a superstitious absurdity. The broken joints do not reunite, though a new tail will grow in a few months if the reptile has received no other injury.

MEN in charge of the pans in salt works are never known to have cholera, smallpox, scarlet fever or influenza.

IN BY-GONE DAYS.

BY M. E. S.

In by-gone days, sweetheart, so glad were we,
The whole wide world seemed full of joy and light;
A new fair radiance beamed on land and sea,
In by-gone days, sweetheart, so glad were we!

Alas, the years have parted you and me—
The sunny morn is changed to gloomy night!
In by-gone days, sweetheart, so glad were we,
The whole wide world seemed full of joy and light!

A DOUBTED FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRYING EXPERIENCE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A BURIED CRIME," "OWEN DALE'S ORDEAL."

CHAPTER I.

THERE was no denying that Mrs. Golightly's youthful disobedience had found her out.

When her father had laughed at Captain Golightly's presumption and forbidden him the house, Nora had thought it a very grand thing to laugh, in her turn, all prudence to scorn, and marry for love.

It had seemed just like a page out of a novel to creep out of her father's fine house in Cavendish Square one morning, when there was nobody about but the drivers of the early milk-carts, and hurry to the church, where "that adorable Maurice" was waiting, get married, and come back to breakfast with her wedding ring out of sight on a chain round her neck, just as if nothing unusual had happened.

But much that had followed on that morning's folly had gone near to stripping the glamor of romance from her eyes. Never quite, though! To the end, in spite of all sordid shifts which living on one's pay entails on the wife of a captain in a marching regiment, she had never been able to say she regretted her choice.

The day the Fighting Fusiliers—which was their proud nickname in the army—left for Egypt, Nora's impulsive Irish heart was as full of love for her blue-eyed Maurice as though she were a bride of a month's standing instead of the mother of three bouncing big girls, the eldest of whom already wore her hair coiled on the top of her head and her skirts as long as her mother's.

In that hour of parting the loving wife was glad to remember that she had never grumbled or complained of the change in her circumstances which her marriage had brought about.

Still more glad was she, six months later, to recall the uninterrupted love of her married life when the news that she was a widow was broken tenderly to her old friend Mrs. Topham.

There was not much time, however, for the indulgence of grief then, for there was a grave problem staring her in the face—"How was she to bring up and finish the education of her three girls on an income of considerably less than two hundred a year?" For beyond the pensions paid by a grateful country to his widow and children, gallant Maurice had been able to make no provision for the dear ones left behind.

In this dilemma a second cousin of Mrs. Golightly's had come to the rescue.

"I am a lonely old woman," she had written, "and not a rich one, but if I have no money to spare I have plenty of house room, and that you are welcome to. The house left to me for my life by my husband is a big rambling old place, which would take you and your girls in twice over. Come and make your home here, take the management into your own hands, and let me and my old servant be your lodgers. The happy young voices will drive away the echoes of the past that haunt my lonely days and nights, and, though I have no money to leave to anybody, we may be mutually helpful to each other during the few years that are left to me."

Mrs. Golightly had been glad and grateful to accept the proffered help; and the plan had worked better than such plans usually do, because Mrs. Golightly's sunny disposition had repeated itself in at least two out of her three daughters, and because cheerfulness and peace so infallibly go together in a house.

And "Auntie Paton," as the girls always called their mother's distant relative, had been better than her word in the matter of help. But for her, Monica's gift for painting would never have attained its present proficiency, a proficiency which enabled her to add quite a respectable sum to the family purse in the course of the year; and but for her, Christine's voice would not have received the three years' training under a good master which had developed its beauty so marvellously.

They had all loved the kindly sympathetic old woman very dearly, and she had loved them.

"If I had only more to give you!" had been her cry at the last.

But to this none of them would listen.

"In giving us education you have given us what nobody can take from us," said Monica.

"And your help came just when it was most needed," joined in Olive. "What should I have been without this three years of schooling; and the mum could never have afforded it out of our little pittance?"

"Besides, Monny and I will both be able to help now, through your generous help," cried Christine through her tears.

And so the sweet-tempered generous soul passed away, surrounded to the last by the loving young voices she had so longed for; and once again Nora Golightly found herself face to face with the results of her girlish disobedience.

But this time her helplessness was not of the same crushing kind as when, four years before, she had been stranded with three girls, all under eighteen.

Now they were of an age to be taken into her confidence, and indeed they had as much to say in all decisions affecting the well-being of the family as Mrs. Golightly herself.

On the day of the funeral there was a very serious council as to ways and means.

"Of course the great question," observed Monica gravely, "is where to go to find the best market for our wares. I can paint my pots anywhere, but Christine wants to be among people to get singing lessons, and Olive will have a better chance of finding that legendary family of small children in a large town than in a little place like this."

"A large town? Paugh!" muttered Christine, raising her tear-stained face from the sofa-cushion, and joining in the discussion for the first time.

The others all turned to look at her, for she had been lying motionless for so long that they had almost believed she had cried herself to sleep.

"The very words suggest smoke and grime, and poverty and misery. Don't let us go to such a place as London or Birmingham, for pity's sake! I would rather live on porridge all the days of my life."

"But we can't stay here, Cris," Olive said. "There is no opening for you in a little place like this, and we must all try to do something now. It won't do to attempt to live on our means any longer, and auntie's lawyer has given us only a month to get out of here."

Christine sat up and pushed the heavy masses of silky dark hair off her forehead. With her reddened eyelids she looked a pitiable object.

"What do you say, mum?" she asked. "Are you in favor of this town plan too? I believe we shall only make ourselves wretched for nothing. How are we to get engagements in a great busy city, where every calling and profession is crowded out? Who do we know in any town who will give us a hand up?"

"We should have plenty of nice people in Millchester," answered her mother.

"Millchester!" cried the girls in a breath.

"Your father's regiment has just gone back to the depot for a two years' stay," she went on, with a nervous glance at her eldest daughter's surprised face.

"His old friend, Colonel Topham—your god-father, Monica—is in command of the regiment now, and Mrs. Topham advises me to take you all down there—I received her answer to my letter this morning—and pitch our tent among old friends."

"But to go among them all again so poor!" said Monica.

"My darling, that is just one of Mrs. Topham's chief arguments in favor of the plan! She says that with our limited means it is our only chance of getting an entree into decent society."

"Oh, society!" muttered Christine, in a tone of disdain. "I don't suppose we were thinking much about society, mum dear. We were thinking more of the chances of earning our living."

"Well, even on that account Mrs. Topham's is not a bad plan, darling." Mrs. Golightly was uncomfortably conscious of Monica's quiet observation. Monica had plenty of penetration, and she was watching and listening now with a look on her face which her mother knew well. If she had ever hoped to keep the full enormity of her motives hidden from her eldest daughter, she ceased to do so from that moment.

She shot a pleading glance across at her now, as she went on with her little fable. "We could do more in a small place like Millchester, with Mrs. Topham's influence, than we could do in a large place alone. She could certainly be able to get you some singing pupils, Chris; and Mrs. Robertson, the Doctor's wife, would help too."

"I believe, mum," said Olive, seeing something in her mother's manner that she could not quite understand. "I do believe that you are longing to be back in the regiment again!"

Christine suddenly jumped up from the sofa, came and knelt on the floor, and put her arms round her mother's neck.

"We're such selfish wretches!" she exclaimed penitently. "We never think of you at all! And you are such a self-denying old angel that you never put your own wishes forward. Of course you would like to be among your old friends again. Now that our poor old dear is gone"—her voice trembled a little—"you are bound to be lonely."

"Not lonely, dearest, while I have you all round me," remonstrated Mrs. Golightly tenderly.

"Oh, we're all right as far as we go," Chrissie went on; "but that isn't very far, when all is said and done! Olive and I are just a pair of babies; and since Monica has had a young man she hasn't been just the same as she was before. You needn't be vexed, Monny, my dear—you can't help it; and so I for one vote for the Millchester plan. What do you say, Olive?"

"It sounds promising. Are there many of our father's friends left in the regiment, mother?"

"There were Doctor and Mrs. Robertson, and the Colonel and his wife—they are a host in themselves, you know—and I believe Captain Denzil is still there too—Major Denzil now, I think. Mrs. Topham would do all she could, I know; we were such close friends in the old days. She says in her letter that she would like to have Monica altogether, but——"

"Oh, no, that is not to be thought of!" said Monica shortly. "We'll stand or fall together, whatever happens! What else did she say, mother?"

As a rule Mrs. Golightly would have answered this question by producing the letter, but to-day she satisfied herself with answering the inquiry orally.

"She says there is the very cottage to suit us going begging at the present moment. The Robertsons looked at it for themselves, but there was no room on the ground floor for the doctor's sanctum—only just the two sittingrooms and the kitchen. It is outside the town, and has a lovely old garden; and it is cheap."

"Then there is something against it!" observed Monica.

"Yes—but something that would not matter for us. The three bedrooms all lead into one another. The servant's little room is the only one that has a separate entrance from the others. It seems the house was the wing of a large mansion that had been burnt down. It is called Bethune's Wing. The kitchen has been added since."

"It sounds rather nice," said Olive, "as if it would be picturesque—something out of the common. Monica," "she asked, turning abruptly to look at her sister, "why don't you like the idea?"

Monica flushed at the sudden question.

"I never said I did not like it, Olive!"

"No—but we can see it without your saying it. I should have thought you would have jumped at the idea. We should only be half the distance from London. Why, Walford Haynes could often get down from the Saturday to the Monday if we went there."

Monica flushed again and laughed a little guiltily.

"I had already thought of that myself," she said, and then stopped abruptly, and left her seat and went and looked out into the garden, where the primrose corner was in full April glory.

"Let us go and toast the muffins for tea, Olive," Christine said, getting up from the floor. "Monny has become so painfully grown-up since she has been engaged that she can't speak out before the children now. Perhaps she will unburden herself if we leave her with the mum."

Mrs. Golightly sat very still when the two girls had gone from the room; but there was a very pleading look in her pretty hazel eyes when Monica turned round from the window. It almost seemed to her eldest daughter that she was going to cry.

"Mum dear, don't look at me like that!" she exclaimed, going to her quickly. "I don't blame you, dear, for an instant."

"You see, Monny," returned Mrs. Golightly, still in that nervous half-shamed way—"you see, darling, we may never get such another chance."

"Yes—I see, dear!" answered Monny.

"And it would be so cruel to condemn these two to a life of eternal drudgery, without making at least one effort to avoid it."

"Yes—I quite see that!"—and as she made the admission she sighed a little, and turned her face away, so that her mother should not see the trouble there.

"They are as brave as they can be about it; but then they don't know quite what fighting the world means for a lonely woman. It would be so much better—so very much better if——" She stopped as if she found the sentence an awkward one to finish; and Monica stopped quickly and kissed her flushed cheek.

"Darling, you must do just as you think best about this," she said. "Just at first it came upon me unpleasantly—the thought that we should be driven to do such a thing—but people situated as we are can't afford to be squeamish, I suppose, and we must run the gauntlet of public opinion like any other family of girls whose position in such an anomaly—ladies by birth, and scarcely better than paupers in pocket. Mind, I quite see the necessity for what you are doing, and so don't ever look at me again as you did just now, for all the world like a prisoner looking at his Judge. Write to Mrs. Topham about the house to-night, and forget my nasty little fit of beggar's pride as soon as you can."

But tender-hearted Nora Golightly did not find it easy to forget the little incident, chiefly, perhaps, because she did not remember to have ever seen her daughter with that look in her eyes.

With all their pinching and contriving they had always managed to keep their honest independence until now. It brought a pang to the poor soul's heart to remember that Monica's first look of humiliation had been caused by her mother's vulgar scheming.

CHAPTER II.

BETHUNE'S WING was the most delightful little place conceivable.

The kitchen—fitted with double doors—and the small dining room were on the right and left of the door as one entered; and facing the house door, across the tiny oaken floored hall, was the long narrow drawing-room, reaching right across the back of the house.

It was a delightful room, with one half of the long side broken up by a deep bay-window, the three middle divisions of which opened on to the old-fashioned garden; and there was another large square mullioned window on the same side, having old-fashioned diamond panes, and two colored coats-of-arms in the divisions above the transoms.

Altogether, with its oaken floor, already of a lovely deep color without the help of artificial aids, and with its low cross-beamed ceiling, also of oak, it was a room to dream in.

And the garden outside was in keeping—just one patch of blossom under the large window, and nothing beyond but a good sized piece of undulating lawn, with half-a-dozen grand old trees here and there, and the whole shut in by a high quickset hedge and paling. It was less like an ordinary garden than a corner cut off a large park—which indeed was what it was.

"Why, the room is a picture in itself!" said Monica, at her first view; "it could hardly look wrong whatever you put in it! A few rich-toned mats, and half a dozen big basket chairs and plenty of plaques on the walls, and the thing is done."

Mrs. Topham came hastening down to them on the day after their arrival, and carried them all off in the wagonette to luncheon.

"A respectable meal and an hour's rest afterwards and you will go back to your work like other creatures," she declared.

Both individually and collectively Mrs. Topham was delighted with her protegee; and the Colonel was as pleased as his wife to have pretty young faces and pleasant young voices about him. It was a sore point with them both that their children had all died young, and left a blank behind them which nothing could ever really fill.

As they crossed the barrack square to the Colonel's pretty house in the corner, Mrs. Topham stopped the carriage to speak to two men in uniform.

"Come across to lunch with us," she

said. "We poor woman are all alone. These are two of my very nicest boys, Mrs. Golightly—Mr. Farquar and Mr. Conway."

"I shall be delighted if you will take me alone," said Farquhar, the shorter one, "but Con is already booked, Mrs. Topham."

"I'm afraid we shall rather overpower you," Mrs. Topham suggested laughingly.

But Mr. Farquhar flashed a very animated glance round the carriageful of ladies, and made reply, with assumed meekness, that he liked being overpowerd that way.

"Well, come alone if you really don't mind it," she said: "or perhaps you could persuade Major Denzil to come with you—you will like to see Major Denzil, Nora?"

"Very much indeed."

"I'm so sorry I can't come, Mrs. Topham!" Conway put in quietly. "An uncle has invited himself to Milchester for the day, on purpose to see me. He has been five years in India, and got home only a day or two ago."

"Then of course it is out of the question," Mrs. Topham answered. "You must put off the pleasure of making Mrs. Golightly's acquaintance until a later date. Don't be long, Mr. Farquhar; and bring Major Denzil if you can."

"Rather pleasant, aren't they?" said Farquhar, as the carriage drove on and they pursued their way to their quarters. "Is Mrs. Topham going to adopt the lot? Who are they, Con? Do you know anything about them?"

"Their name is Golightly."

"Well, I heard that for myself!"

"Captain Golightly belonged to us. He was bowled over quite at the beginning of the Egyptian business, five or six years ago. Denzil knew him well, and thought a good deal of him. He says he was worshipped by the subs."

"Well, if he was anything like old Denzil, he was good enough for anybody," said Farquhar warmly. "Whom are they in mourning for now?"

"I don't know. Were they in mourning?"

"They were all in black. Complimentary mourning perhaps. I didn't see any crepe. Good-looking lot all round."

"I think the brown-haired one with the straight features is beautiful."

"Steady, my boy!" said Farquhar laughingly. "Don't mount till you know something about the goo-goo. I thought the little fair-haired one with the blue eyes the best-looking, but the one with the big mouth was the one for go. I don't care for downright pretty women; always think so much of themselves—no fun in 'em. Now that girl without any features to speak of has a bit of mischief in her, if eyes go for anything. I say, Con"—he spoke with a sudden increase of animation, as if something had but just occurred to him—"I wonder how the fair bride will take it!"

"Take what?"

"This deluge of good-looking girls. If they've got anything in 'em, and if Mrs. Topham means really to make 'em up, 'dear Fanny's' nose will be out of joint with a vengeance."

"Well, she can't expect to have the regiment at her heels for ever," said Conway carelessly.

"Now I call that unfeeling!" answered the other. "At her heels for ever! Why, it is only six weeks since she came back from her honeymoon! I don't believe she has nearly exhausted the surprises of her trousseau yet. It will be jolly hard to have to take second place already. I believe you've gone over to the new-comers already, Con."

"Well, so have you!" said Con—he was in his room now, busy stripping off his uniform, and getting into his everyday clothes. "I don't see what you've got to badger me about."

"Oh, but I was never one of 'dear Fanny's' sworn body guard, as you were! If I choose to commit the indiscretion of falling in love with that nice ugly girl with the fine eyes, I've got no accounts to settle up with anybody—certainly not with Weston and his 'dear Fanny.' Now it is quite different with you! The blushing bride was dead gone on you, and your be-yewtiful brown eyes, and your lovely figure, from the first moment she saw you; and to tell the truth you seemed quite contented to accept the poor little soul's admiration. It will be very rough on her if you cart your prayer mat across to the other shrine straight away, and leave her openly to mourn your cruel desertion."

"Oh, get out, you idiot, and let a fellow dress in peace!" cried Conway, flinging a big sponge full of water at the other, who dodged and let it go past him with a splash against the opposite wall, into the midst of a group of paper fans.

"Fanny's fans too!" exclaimed Farquhar tragically, turning to look at the mischief. "You bought them at her stall at the last charity bazaar, and you said you would put them up in your room in memory of the saleswoman; I heard you myself. And now look at the ruin! Poor Fanny! It is a foreshadowing of what's to come."

He stood for a moment watching the stream of discolored water trickling down the wall.

"Nothing to what her tears will be," he said mournfully; I really think, Con——"

But Con had had enough of it, and turned on him with uplifted hair-brush and with such a ferocious glare in his eyes, that the tormentor fled in laughing terror, calling out a last "Poor dear Fanny!" as he went.

It was lucky for the Golightlys during the next few days that they had brought their devoted old servant to Milchester with them; for if she had not been at hand to keep them in order they would certainly have met with some disastrous break-down at the very outset of the campaign. But Judith acted the part of guardian angel to all.

She did her full share of the unpacking and straightening, and yet she was always fit to answer the door, and she always coaxed two of the ladies to make themselves presentable in the afternoon, and kept them occupied with some quiet task during the calling hours, so that everybody who came was received with due decorum.

"I've no mind my ladies should cry small now we've got back to the regiment again," she told Olive in confidence. "Captain Golightly's wife was the belle of the regiment when I first came to her ten years ago, Miss Olive, my dear, and I ain't a-going to give the ladies a chance to make spiteful remarks about the fallin' off in her looks or circumstances, if I can prevent it."

And it must be confessed that, during that first week or two at all events, the affectionate creature's hands were more than filled with the task she had set herself. For the calling was incessant. Every lady in the regiment called, and nearly every man too—the married ones with their own wives, and the single ones in the train of other men's.

The rush at the start was of course due to Mrs Topham's and Mrs. Robertson's influence; but after the first few days people became curious from hearing the others' talk, and came on their own account, anxious to see and judge for themselves how much truth there was in the report of the fascinations and good looks of "Mrs. Topham's new batch of girls."

And Conway, a good deal to Farquhar's secret amusement, was the very last man to make the acquaintance of the new-comers.

It was mainly Mrs. Weston's fault, something her husband had said put her on her defence from the first; and she managed to keep Conway's leisure time so well occupied for the next ten days that he had scarcely an hour to call his own. And, when at last he did go, it was in attendance on "dear Fanny" herself.

"I'm sure I sha'n't like them, you know, Con," she said languishingly. "I never get on with girls—I always find them so jealous—but Algernon was quite nasty about it this morning"—Algernon was Captain Weston's name.

"He asked me what I wanted to make myself so conspicuously disagreeable for, and so of course, for the sake of peace, I had to give in. Fancy Algernon beginning to play the tyrant already! If he is like that now what shall I have to put up with by-and-by?"

"I shouldn't worry myself about that," said Conway, with a rather perplexed little laugh. It was all very well to make oneself agreeable to the best-dressed woman in the place, he was thinking, but it was no sort of fun to have to listen to her tales against her husband.

"Weston is one of the last men in the world likely to blossom into a bully. And he was right about this call, after all. It does look queer for everybody to have been but you and me. Mrs. Topham looked quite surprised last night when I said I had not called yet. She wanted to take me to day, but I told her I had promised to go riding with you. She will be glad when she hears we changed our plans."

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Topham has done her best to force her last fad down everybody's throat! I fancy she thinks her husband's position gives her the right to dictate their visiting lists to every woman in the regiment. She won't certainly do it to me, though."

"This is the house, I think," said Conway, glad to change the conversation. "Jolly little place, doesn't it look? I wonder if they will be at home?"

"Of course they will!" answered the lady, with a significant little smile, as she shook her generous silk and velvet skirts into order, and arranged her bracelets to the best advantage. "They will all be waiting in review order to receive us, like a company on parade—without a strap or button out of place."

But her prophecy proved to be a little wide of the mark. Mrs. Golightly was the only person in the drawingroom when they were shown in, and she was working away busily with a hand sewing-machine on a small table in a large bay window, stitching up the long seams of muslin curtains.

The muslin lay in a billowy heap all round her, though the rest of the room was as neat and fresh and pretty as clever heads and cunning fingers could make it.

"You must forgive me for receiving you like this," she said, meeting them with pleasant composure; "but we are scarcely in order yet, you see."

Then Christine came in through the open window with some small branches of laburnum, which she proceeded to arrange in a high dark green shiny jar in the fire-place, talking all the time with her usual unstudied freedom to the young man at her side.

Mrs. Weston was greedily observing everything, from Chrissie's easy "at home" manner to the cheap basket-chairs, with their pretty hand-worked cushions and home-done upholstering, and Monica's lovely plaques on the walls.

Chrissie's lack of downright beauty rather put her in heart for the first ten minutes of her visit; but when Monica came upon the scene, pale from a long sitting at her painting, but handsome and graceful, and then Olive, flushed and lovely from an hour over the ironing-board, she at once scented immediate deposition, and grew snappish and savage.

"Aren't you awfully cramped here?" she asked, looking up at the oaken beams across the ceiling, much with the same air of contemptuous depreciation as she would have looked at the open rafters of a stable. "These low old ceilings always give me an impression of stuffiness."

"Oh, we would not change our oaken ceiling for anything!" Monica answered quietly. "We are quite in love with our little house, Mrs. Weston, so please don't try to disenchant us."

"But surely it is small for so many of you! How in the world do you manage to pack yourselves into it?"

"But, indeed, we are not packed at all," put in Chris, from the other side of the room, where she and Conway were still busy with her laburnum. "You see there is no room wasted in passages up-stairs; the rooms all lead one into another. It is the quaintest old place in the world. As we happen to be a family of women, with no secrets from each other, it does not matter, otherwise it might be awkward."

"Besides, look at our lovely old garden!" said Olive, busily folding up the muslin in the window-recess, and shutting up the sewing-machine to make room for the tea-table. "We shall nearly live out of doors during the summer. Mr. Topham says we have the most delightful garden in all Milchester. She says that from the mere beauty point of view it is worth a dozen of hers."

"Oh, but Mrs. Topham has such an excellent tennis-court!" returned Mrs. Weston, with a disparaging glance at the undulating lawn; and, from her tone, one would have imagined that a tennis court was quite an indispensable adjunct of respectability.

"Are you one of those unhappy people who find existence without tennis unbearable?" asked Monica, with a quiet little smile. "For my part, I would not have one of our mounds or slopes levelled to make way for the finest court in the world."

"Besides," said Olive, "what tennis we care for we can get at Mrs. Topham's; so we shall be satisfied. Monny keeps her lovely dips and curves, and we get our muscular exercise into the bargain."

Mrs. Weston turned to Mrs. Golightly and made some remark; perhaps she hoped the mother might prove a more promising subject than the daughters for the snubbing she was longing to administer.

"You see my sister is an artist," Olive went on, turning her blue eyes, alight with fun, on Conway, as he hurried forward to carry the sewing-machine away to its distant corner for her; "so we can't expect her to see things as other people do. She would always appreciate the beauty of a thing before she thought about its usefulness."

"Well, I like tennis as much as anybody," replied Conway, looking smilingly down at the little creature at his feet. She was kneeling to shut the machine-box; and, as she glanced up at him, and he saw her eyes for the first time unshadowed, with the lashes well lifted, it struck him that they were the loveliest blue eyes he had ever seen; and he discovered to his own surprise that he liked dancing blue eyes better than thoughtful hazel ones, and a sudden inspiration induced him to re-model the finish of his sentence.

"I am awfully glad to hear you mean to use Mrs. Topham's court a good deal. She has given me a sort of standing invitation too—I hope we shall often play together!"

"Well, I hope so too—if you are a good player," she answered, with a mischievous smile. And when she smiled he discovered that her teeth were beyond reproach; and, above all, that she had an entrancing smile. "I always look out for a good partner, because I am not good class myself. Chris is our boast and pride in tennis matters."

"Then you and I will play Miss Chris and Farquhar," said Conway, a little surprised at his own willness, conscious that "dear Fanny's" glance was on them, and glad that she was too far off to overhear the dialogue in the corner; "that will bring us about level, for I am a bit above Farquhar. When shall we have our first game?"

"Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays are our most leisure afternoons," she told him; "but you must see what Mrs. Topham's arrangements are."

"I will see and bring you word," he answered, and forthwith said to himself that he was developing into a strategist of the first class.

"Yes; but not for this week, please," she added, as she moved towards the others again. "We have all undertaken not to go out until we are really straight in the house, and that certainly won't be before the end of the week."

"You look straight enough here," he said, with a glance round the room. "I don't think I ever saw a prettier room in my life. There is not a touch of the furniture shop about it. One can tell at a glance that it has been arranged by ladies; there is no stereotyped dodgery about it."

"But the room in itself is such a picture!" Monica said, from the tea table, where she was busy among the cups and saucers.

"Yes—and Monny's plaques have been such a help to us," added Olive. "The painted pottery on the walls is all my sister's doing, Mr. Conway."

"They are simply beautiful," he said. "I should like to spend half an hour with them."

"They are certainly very well done," Mrs. Weston admitted grudgingly, raising her head from the chair-back to glance round the walls. "I almost wonder you don't try to sell some of them. I have seen some scarcely better done in the London show windows. You should try to get an introduction to some large firm."

"I have painted for two of the leading West End houses for the past three years," Monny answered quietly; and Mrs. Weston flushed a little, and could not quite conceal her discomfiture.

"Oh, indeed!"

"Oh, there is quite a demand for Monny's pots and pans in the season!" put in Olive. "Her Bond street people would give her almost anything if she would paint only for them; but she painted for the other people first, and she won't be ungrateful to the man who gave her her first start."

"Don't you find it very unpleasant working for that sort of person?" asked Mrs. Weston superciliously. "It must be such slavery to be at the beck and call of shopkeepers!"

Monica smiled, and Conway looked uncomfortable. Christine opened her lips to speak, but shut them again, too indignant to trust herself.

Olive laughed in her sunny, happy way, and bridged over the uncomfortable pause.

"It is the kind of slavery that a good many people would be glad enough to share. Monny loves her beautiful work so much that we have to look her paints away from her sometimes. I wish I had talent to create such exquisite things, don't you, Mrs. Weston? Just look at that Cupid and Psyche chasing the butterfly. Aren't they too sweet for anything? Come and look at them."

The group round the tea-table sighed with a sense of relief as Olive bore off the troublesome young woman; and Conway slipped across to Mrs. Weston's vacant chair and began to make himself pleasant to Mrs. Golightly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

BY W. M.

Sweet form with nature blent so fair,
While virtues rare preside,
Pure be the bloom to bind your hair
When you become a bride.

But, ah, ere while we pained behold
The flush her cheek has fled;
Like fair bud smote by blighting cold
Its tender bloom is dead.

Oh, ruthless pain, how can you smite
This blossom fair of May,
Love's altar breaking on her sight,
'Tis hard to brook delay.

More bitter still death seems to knock
So tireless at the door;
He little reeks who feels the shock,
Life's journey brief is o'er.

Than Hymen's robes more matchless now
The spotless soul infold,
While shining seraphs bind the brow
With crown of fadeless gold.

Fond hearts would fain prolong her stay
But He knows what is best,
For there is endless bridal day
And love weds every breast.

The Consul's Wife.

BY D. A. T.

CONSUL Green was a little man, fat, bald, and otherwise physically unprepossessing. But there was no denying the goodness of his disposition. During his furlough at Chesnerton he had proved himself a worthy fellow in many ways, what with treats to the school-children and unostentatious charity towards the poor. And he quite won Mrs Broderick's heart.

It was the winning Mrs. Broderick's heart that helped him mainly to win Isabel Broderick's hand.

Mr. Broderick was the Vicar of Chesnerton, a poor living; and he had five children, of whom Isabel was the eldest.

Isabel was just twenty-one when Consul Green arrived in the village from China. She was reckoned a beauty. She was dark of eyes and complexion, and of a magnificent presence for so young a woman. It seemed absurd that she should be mated with a little tub of a man like the Consul, who was, moreover, forty-three.

If any one had suggested such a possibility to the girl during the Consul's first month in the village, Isabel would either have been very indignant or greatly amused. She was a young woman of moods. You could never be sure of her. At times she was very sweet in her manner; and at times she was, at least, strange.

The Vicar of Chesnerton fancied he understood his daughter, and Mrs. Broderick flattered herself that she also knew her. The two good people agreed that Isabel would be best married as soon as possible. She was the kind of girl who wanted early breaking-in to life with the harness of experience.

Besides, was there not that young impecunious sailor? He was a lieutenant, to be sure; but he had no means beyond his pay. It was an open secret that he loved Isabel; but the Vicar hoped he had, by his manner, informed the young gentleman that as a suitor for his daughter's hand he was quite out of the question. Anyhow, he was temporarily away with his ship, the Viper, on a foreign cruise. So far no letter had come to Isabel in the proper way (the Vicar took good care of that); and if only the girl could be satisfactorily married while the Viper remained at sea there would be an end of the little affair.

Then came Consul Green, brimming over with naive delight in his return to Chesnerton for a holiday. His old mother still lived in the red brick house facing the Vicarage, with the chocolate colored spire of the church rising to the left of it, and, of course, he was bound to see a good deal of the Brodericks.

He remembered Isabel as a coy little lass in very short frocks. She was not now at all coy, nor did she wear short frocks.

The poor little man was made to be victimized. He had not for ten years enjoyed the intimate society of cultured European ladies. The F. O. had seemed to take positive pleasure in banishing him to the most forlorn stations in the service.

Mrs. Broderick saw at once how he was struck by her eldest daughter. The impression made upon him was not unlike that of an Academy chef d'œuvre.

He would not have dreamed of trying to secure the chef d'œuvre just because it 'knocked him all of a heap.' Neither did he imagine it possible, at first, that this beautiful young woman could be aught more to him than a most bewitching picture of a young English maiden.

But he was a man with over a thousand a year; and when his old mother died his income would be increased. Moreover, he was a bachelor, all things considered, eligible enough.

Gradually Isabel's mother made him cognizant of these personal merits of his. She also brought him and her daughter as much together as possible, excusing to the Consul Isabel's coldness, and to Isabel exaggerating the little man's amiability and wealth and fine official position.

The girl saw through it all after a time. First she mocked at the idea, then she fumed at it, and finally, after a terrible outburst of tears and passion, she appeared to be resigned. Dick, the young lieutenant on the Viper, had not written, as he had promised. Six months had passed. No doubt he had forgotten her, notwithstanding his ardent oaths that he could never, never commit such a crime.

Isabel could stand much in the way of domestic discomfort, but she could not endure the siege of her will conducted by her father and mother and Mr. Green all at the same time.

To do the little Consul justice, it must be said that he never ventured to make it seem that he thought himself a very desirable catch for so majestic a young woman. When she accepted him he seemed astonished. Then the tears came into his eyes.

"Before God, my dearest Isabel," he exclaimed tremulously, "I swear to devote my life to making you happy, as you have made me!"

She made no pretence of being in love with him.

"I will try and be a good wife to you," she said; and that was all.

Domestic influence had done its work splendidly. Mr. and Mrs. Broderick congratulated each other, Consul Green, Consul Green's old mother (who did not seem so sure about it), Isabel, and all their relations and friends, on so admirable an alliance.

As for Isabel, she was tolerably wretched; but she did her best to drive Dick Cannon out of her heart and enthrone Benjamin Green therein instead, and she hoped, as her mother told her, that she would soon find her reward.

Meanwhile Consul Green was most extravagant. He bought diamonds as if his income was $50,000 instead of about $8,000, and he fairly grovelled at the feet of the beautiful young woman who had stooped to him. That was how, in his humility, he put it. Isabel could not altogether be blamed if little by little she grew to believe that she had condescended inordinately in consenting to marry such an image of a man.

* * * * * *

The Consul plumed himself vastly upon his wife on the P. and O. steamer which duly bore them both to Shanghai. The other passengers were amused. But they did not seem to think the little man was far out in making such a fuss about his possessions.

At least the men did not. On the other hand, the women whispered together a good deal. Isabel was less sociable than most girls. That mattered little, however, on board ship, for she soon learnt that she could attract males by merely lifting an eyelash; and that whereas certain other of the ladies failed to make themselves interesting to the gentleman, though they talked like the wind, "yes" and "no" from her lips served her turn in this matter.

Her husband was kindness itself to her; but then so was every other man on board ship.

She had scarcely been married a month. Isabel supposed that in so short a time her heart could not be expected to yearn towards Benjamin as she imagined a wife's heart ought to yearn towards her husband. But it was strange and perplexing that she should feel less grateful to him for his civilities than she felt towards the other men for theirs.

She half-feared she might show it in her tones. That was one reason why she was so dreadfully reserved and laconic with the young officers and civilians who seemed so anxious to anticipate her every wish.

At Bombay Isabel had a mild shock. There were some gunboats in port, and one the name of which she made out to end in "er."

"Tell me, please," she said to one of her young admirers—and she actually laid her hand upon his sleeve—"is that the—the Viper?"

"Bless you, no, Mrs. Green! The Viper's thousands of miles away. I happen to know. That's the Pursuer—Sir Thomas Brandon's her captain."

"Oh, thank you," replied the girl; and she breathed freely again.

That evening she half thought of telling her fond, forgiving husband (she believed he would have forgiven her anything) about the heart-beats occasioned in her by the fancy that she had come where Dick Cannon might be.

She had a notion that Benjamin would be interested to know about it, and he would assuredly advise her if her position was one in which advice seemed requisite. Consuls are necessarily judicial minded gentlemen. Doubtless Consul Green often had cases of conscience even more awkward to settle.

But Isabel did not confide her little secret to her husband, after all. Her mother had not told the Consul about poor Dick; why should she tell him?

The rest of the voyage was uneventful, indeed monotonous. It was odd that, in spite of their attentions, only one of the young men passengers recommended himself very intimately to the girl. She took a sort of fancy to him because he had a certain trick of manner that reminded her of Dick. But she did not, of course, tell him that. He said "Good-bye" quite touchingly at Hong Kong, and she never gave him another thought.

At Shanghai, however, Isabel suddenly came face to face with her doom.

They were in their hotel one day (Benjamin was awaiting instructions from Pekin) when she flushed the color of a red rose.

"There are some gunboats in, I see," the Consul remarked, looking up from his paper—"the Snap, the Torpid, and the Viper. Gad! they'll make things lively here to-night; you see if they don't, my darling."

Isabel had never felt less like Consul Green's "darling" than in that moment.

"And, by-the-way," added the Consul, looking up;—"oh, is anything the matter, dearest?" he inquired tenderly, noting the strangeness of his wife's expression.

"Nothing at all, thank you. What were you going to say?"

"Oh, nothing. Only that I hear some of them downstairs at this moment."

It was Dick Cannon's voice that had just set Isabel flushing. Her husband's information was therefore stale news.

Of course, they met.

It was simply agonising for both of them. Dick had written, but his letters had gone wrong. He had implored her to be true to him.

"My heart will break, Dick," the poor girl said, as she let her head rest upon his shoulder. She had called him into the room as he was passing, her husband being away.

Dick was an honorable young fellow, and took the blow as irremediable. He looked very dismal, however, while Isabel described the man she had married. There was serious venom in her words and accents, and her eyes and attitude were like the eyes and attitude of a tragedy queen.

"Well, my dear Isabel," he said, as he gently drew it away (it would never do to be caught nursing the head of the Consul's wife), "it's a bad job, but let us make the best of it."

"The best! Then you do not love me any more, and——"

Her passion was startling. It excited Dick Cannon out of himself.

"Give me the chance of proving that I do—and you will see," he said, in a tremulous whisper. "Ah, my dear, if you were free, I would marry you now, in spite of everyone and everything."

"You would?"

"God knows I would. But this," he added hastily, remembering things, "will never do! I must go. At least I shall like to think we are near you for a bit. The Viper is on the China station until further notice. Good-bye for the present, Isabel."

She would have given him her lips to kiss, but he tendered her no invitation. They shook hands and parted. Then Isabel went to her bedroom and lay on the bed, with her face in the pillow, for many minutes.

* * * * * *

"It isn't anything more than I expected," moaned Consul Green when he heard whither he was to be sent. It was a place with a long name ending in "chew," and, of all districts, in the Aunan province.

"There will be no European society fit to touch the hem of your dress, dearest," he continued. "Of course, I can bear it well enough, for I shall have you with me, and you are all the world. But I call it a beastly shame none the less. And if there are rows—well, we all know the kind of cattle they are in Hunan."

"Rows! What do you mean?" inquired Isabel. She had begun to loathe this good little husband of hers. Neither the diamonds he had bought her nor the reverential caresses he bestowed upon her could do aught but increase her loathing.

She had tried for one brief hour to thrust Dick into the background of her mind, and she had failed. She had from that hour forward consented to drift she knew not whither. And she seemed likely to drift the faster to spiritual ruin for the lack of Dick's face, which Dick himself took honest care to keep as far out of her orbit as he could.

"Riots, my love," replied the Consul. "They're a bad lot in Hunan. If I were a common missionary, mindful as some of them are, of my comforts, I'd rather go up to Corea than to Hunan. You don't know Corea, though."

"Then we may be in danger?" asked Isabel.

"Why, yes, my love; but don't look like that about it. I'll take the best of good care no harm comes to you. Poor Mackenzie died somewhere there of bludgeons and stones. They made the Government pay his widow $50,000 for him though, and that was something. Which would you have, Isabel—your ugly little Ben, or $50,000 in hard cash?"

He put the question flippantly. Her reception of his words astonished him.

"Never, never again," she exclaimed, "talk to me like that! You do not know what you are doing."

Her color came and went while she spoke, and her fingers twitched. There was that, moreover, in her eyes which almost frightened the little Consul.

"My dearest," he purred, "I was only joking. The more rows the better. They help yang ming—which means in my case promotion. And, of course, you understand that a Consul's person is sacred, or nearly so."

On the eve of their departure for the place with a name ending in "chew" they were both present at a dinner given in honor of the fleet.

Isabel did not even ask herself if she ought not to feign a headache and escape this harrowing ordeal. Rather, she leaped at the chance of seeing Dick once more.

And she did see him.

They were at the same table and on opposite sides, separated only by some ten yards of space. Thrice the young lieutenant dared to look in her direction, and each time her eyes were upon him.

There was a reception afterwards, and Isabel made sure of coming face to face with Dick. But she was disappointed. The sailor feared, with reason, that there might be a scene. He loved the girl too well to put her in that jeopardy. Isabel raged against the unfortunate Consul in her heart. And on the following day they twain off to Hunan—into exile, as she, perhaps not unexcusably, regarded it.

These last few days had disturbed the little Consul not inconsiderably. He took side-glances at his wife when he thought she would not observe him, and now again grave anxiety sat on his brow.

Once at his destination, however, official duties occupied him. He was fain to hope that he had made more of his young wife's eccentricities than they deserved. There was a meagre sort of club-house in the place.

Here the eight or nine European men consorted somewhat dismally and played whist. They included three earnest missionaries of different persuasions. Consul Green was prepared for trouble sooner or later when he saw with what zeal these gentlemen went about seeking proselytes.

But the trouble only brewed gradually. Three months passed, and the dreary life dragged on as at first. Isabel had become almost apathetic. She was disappointing in many respects. The Consul would, however, gladly have forgiven her everything if only she had made the merest pretence of loving him.

This she did not do. She was civil to him at all times, but her eyes and tones were invariably cold. Her husband feared that a continuance of this kind of domestic life would lead to an estrangement even of the love he still bore her.

The trouble began with mild demonstrations of the natives against the missionaries. These were charged with the usual offences—with teaching improper doctrines "not conformable to the classics" and subversive of morality, and also with plotting against the integrity of the empire and the majesty of the Emperor.

The schedule of their crime was formed

by divers spectacled fanatics called scholars, and they were indicated in placards and in a memorial sent to the Princes and Excellencies of the Tsung-li Yamen.

"If I were you," said the Consul to the three missionaries, "I would hold my hands for a bit."

Two of the gentlemen declined to profit by this advice; the third, more politic, discontinued his work.

The other Europeans shrugged their shoulders, never went out without revolvers and servants whom they believed they could trust, and affected to carry themselves as if Asiatics were not worth a snap of finger and thumb.

One day the Consul saw a fresh placard on the walls, and a crowd of excited "pigtails" commenting on it. It was but a stone's throw from the Consulate; yet not until late in the afternoon could he find the opportunity of reading it in solitude. Its rant was conventional. It teemed with foulness and absurdity. But it was serious.

"If we do not eat their flesh," it ran, "how can our rage be appeased? And our hatred will not be satisfied. If we do not eat them, they will eat us a myriad times a myriad. We will not live with them. They or we must die."

He at once despatched information about the state of affairs to Canton and Pekin.

"Isabel," he said to his wife that evening, "I wish I had not brought you with me to this disgusting country."

"Why?" she asked, somewhat sharply.

"There can only be one reason," he replied, in a tone of gentle reproach.

His words irritated her supremely.

"If there is danger," she rejoined, "I do not care. It will relieve the dulness."

"You may be killed—I may be killed," he continued, as an experiment.

"Well!" and she shrugged her pretty shoulders, "that would be very sad, of course; but——"

She stopped.

"But what Isabel?" he suggested.

"But I quite decline to be interrogated as if I were a malefactor in the consular court," was her hot reply.

There was no mistaking her face at that moment. The little Consul for the first time learnt that his wife had come to hate him.

* * * * * *

The Europeans met at the Club House to take proceedings for their self-defence in case of need. It was arranged that when the crisis became acute they should all mass in the Consulate, well armed. With a dozen revolvers and rifles they reckoned themselves a match for any for ordinary horde of "pigtails."

The one missionary admitted that he would pull a trigger like the rest. But his two rivals said they would do no such thing. If they were to die, they would die without the stain of bloodshed upon their souls.

Consul Green made protest after protest to the mandarins in local authority. But his notes were of no avail. The mandarins themselves abetted the ill feeling against the "foreign scoundrels." Only one of them, who had a certain personal regard for the Consul, sent him an answer. And that was in the form of a warning like the message of the gunpowder plotters to Lord Monteagle in 1605.

The actual assault was preceded by a variety of insults and stone throwing. It was also foreshadowed by the desertion of all the Consulate coolies, save one. This sole survivor professed to hold the people of Hunan in contempt, but he shivered and looked miserable, and went outside the bungalow precincts as little as possible.

The Consul made arrangements for the secret removal of his wife, with the three other ladies of the European colony, to a place of comparative safety, whence they were to journey south with as much expedition as possible.

"Once you are in Hong Kong, Isabel," he said, "I shall not mind things."

"In Hong Kong, by myself," she murmured, "where the fleet has gone? Is it there still?"

"I hope so, I'm sure. Indeed I feel sure of it."

"The Viper and all?"

"Yes, the Viper and the others."

The young wife thought for a while, then said: "No I will stay where I am."

Nothing her husband said could make her change her mind.

"If it is for my sake, Isabel," he exclaimed, as a last argument, "I would rather you were anywhere else."

"I shall stay," she persisted. The little Consul saw that it was not for his sake. He did not know what to make of her. He knew only that he had made a mistake in marrying her.

The other ladies were got off somehow, and arrived safely in Canton. Their husbands practised revolver-shooting. The missionaries prayed.

On the third day after the departure of the ladies, towards twelve o'clock, while Isabel was reading a novel in a long chair in the upper verandah, she heard agitated voices on the other side of the house. Then there was a cry. The cry came from the faithful coolie. A stone had struck him hard on the forehead as he was peeping over the wall to see what the noises meant.

"At last!" said the girl. She put a marker in the book and went indoors. She looked at herself in the glass and smiled.

Then she stole to the other side of the house and peered in the direction of the assailants. They were only about ten in number, armed with carrying-poles and knives. Their pigtails were dancing to and fro in the energy of their gesticulations and whispers.

She understood that they were lying in wait for the Consul. They had gathered just at the extremity of the wall on the hinder side of the house, and first one head and then another looked round and down the slight hill up which the Consul would come on his way home.

Should she send up the rocket of warning or not?

She did not fire it.

Nearly three quarters of an hour passed, and then from the window Isabel saw the unsuspicious little man plodding up the hill. The sun gleamed on his metal buttons.

The girl sped downstairs and out into the yard. The door by which her husband would try to enter the Consulate was, of course, locked; but he had the key. She looked through its chinks, awaiting the moment when he should appear; and while she looked she heard the mutterings of the men hidden only a few paces from her.

The next thing that happened was the sudden outrush of these marauders, hissing, 'Sha! sha!" (kill! kill!) She heard her husband shout "Hallo!" and then something in Chinese which she did not understand. Blows followed.

She watched through the door. One brute broke a rod across the little man's mouth. The "sha! sha!" grew fiercer and fiercer. She saw blood streaming down his face, and through it all a yearning glance towards the door.

This glance changed everything. Hitherto Isabel's heart had scarcely throbbed faster than usual. Now it was as if it leaped in her bosom.

"Rush to the door, Benjamin," she shouted.

He heard her, dulled though his senses were by pain and loss of blood. He staggered in her direction, hitting out weakly as he moved. The door opened. He was pulled inside and collapsed in a faint.

* * * * * *

But the rioters had good exchange for the victim they lost. For, having got her husband into the yard, Isabel herself slipped outside the house and snapped the door after her.

For a moment the men held their sticks aloft and kept their tongues silent while they looked at her.

"You can kill me if you like," she said, with complete calmness and that strange smile on her face which the mirror had seen.

And kill her they did.

They had scarcely succeeded in this when the crack of revolver shots sounded in the rear. Four of them bit the dust ere they could escape from the five Europeans who had come in a body to the rescue.

* * * * * *

Consul Green recovered eventually, but poor Isabel found a grave in the Celestial Land, which is often nevertheless so infernal a place of pilgrimage for the European allotted to it. With her died the many thoughts, both noble and ignoble, which had struggled for the mastery during that last hour of her life.

A NEW WOMAN'S CLUB.

NOWHERE else in the world perhaps has the new woman asserted herself with such business like emphasis as in London, and the very centre of the idea is located at No. 22 Bruton street, once the town house of Lord Hastings, but now the home of the Pioneer Club.

An hour or two spent at this club will teach the visitor more about the new woman than he or she ever dreamed of. Moreover, the newcomer will see the new woman in real life, not as she is grotesquely pictured, or not as some alleged new women pose before the public.

The members of the Pioneer Club are all woman and the club is run on very nearly the same lines as those of the average well-to-do club in a metropolitan city. Here, the new woman does not spend all of her time talking about what the sex should do to assert itself.

They do not strive to revolutionise the world at one swoop or talk incoherently about what will happen when the feminine millennium comes. They have simply taken matters into their own hands and have gone ahead in a practical way, doing what the other new women say should be done.

When the Pioneer Club was organized in May, 1892, by twenty-odd women much was written about it, as an insane effort on the part of a few misguided women to ape the ways of masculinity. After the first outburst very little was written about it because it soon assumed the shape of an established fact and its prosperity badly rattled the prognostications of dire failure so freely made.

As to its success, it is only necessary to say that the membership now numbers more than five hundred and the club has had to change its quarters repeatedly to meet the requirements of its prosperity.

The guiding spirit of the club and its founder is Mrs. Massingberd, a woman of fine family, broad education and considerable wealth. In years, she is somewhere around forty, but owing to the way she dresses her age would seem nearer twenty. This is particularly the case when she is sitting at a table, when only her face and the upper part of her body are visible.

She wears her hair short and parted on the side. Her mouth is large, her cheek bones prominent, her ears are large and the expression of her face quite masculine. The idea is heightened by her manner of dressing. It is said that she wears a man's shirt, but whether this is true or not, she wears a high white collar with the ends turned down, a four-in-hand cravat, a white waistcoat and a coat fashioned like the ordinary swallow tail without the skirts.

The sleeves of this coat are a trifle fuller and the lapels are broader than those of the man's coat, but altogether it is a very fair representation of the masculine garment. Mrs. Massingberd wears a plain skirt, but she favors what is called rational dress.

She is an unusual woman, and if she goes to the United States, as she probably will in the autumn, she will create a sensation. In London she lives at the Pioneer, having a suite of apartments in the club house, but she also has a fine house at Bournemouth and a large estate in Lincolnshire.

She has long been famous as a temperance advocate, ranking with Lady Henry Somerset in this respect. Lady Somerset is also one of the powers in the club and Miss Olive Shreiner is a prominent member. Sarah Grand, another authoress of note, Lady Florence Dixie, Lady Harberton and Mrs. Jopling Rowe all women of more or less fame belong to the club.

When a woman's name is put up for membership in the Pioneer a standing committee appointed for the purpose makes a rigid investigation as to her character, standing and antecedents. If the slightest thing is discovered contrary to the high standard set up by the club the woman is informed that she is ineligible and her name is taken down without more ado.

The initiation fee is three guineas and the annual dues are the same. The upper part of the club house contains a number of bedrooms for the use of country members for a limited number of days, and this has proven to be one of the most attractive features of the Pioneer.

Every Thursday there is a regular club dinner, well cooked and well served at a cost of two shillings and 6 pence, or about 60 cents. No wine or liquors are served in the club, in deference to the temperance views of many of the leading members, but when the coffee has been served three-fourths of the diners light cigarettes and listen to the speeches while blowing rings of tobacco smoke toward the ceiling.

Smoking is one of the recognised features of the club. One of the two secret apartments in the house to which visitors are never admitted, is the smokingroom. All kinds of cigarettes are kept in the club house, including the all tobacco kind, as some of the members have progressed sufficiently in the art of smoking to frown upon the paper rolled affair. Full fledged cigars have not yet been introduced, but as the habit grows stronger they are bound to make their appearance, and perhaps the day will come when the briarwood pipe will be in favor. A combined library and writingroom is the other apartment sacred to the members.

That the members do not care a rap about the adverse criticism hurled against them is quite apparent the instant the visitor passes from the street into the ante-room, for on the archway dividing this apartment from the inner ante-room is inscribed this dictum: "They say—— What say they—— Let them say." The motto of the club, inscribed on the wall of the main drawingroom is St. Augustine's magnificent dictum: "In good things unity. In small things liberty. In all things charity."

In the matter of furnishings and equipments the club is perfect and under the guiding hand of woman has many little comforts which the ordinary fashionable men's club does not possess.

Scientific and Useful.

FOG AND FROST.—A fog making and frost making machine has been invented and used with success in the orchards about San Jose, Cal.

BRUSHES.—The finest shaving brushes are manufactured from badgers' hair, and "camel's hair" brushes are turned out in great quantities from squirrels' tails and from the hair that grows inside the ears of oxen.

ANÆSTHETICS.—Dr. Pize, of Montelimar, France, has discovered a new anæsthetic. He has found that by injecting guaiacol under the skin in small doses operations can be performed without pain. A committee appointed by the Academy of Medicine has inquired into the value of the discovery, and has congratulated Dr. Pize upon his achievement.

UNDER WATER.—A French photographer has arranged an alcohol lamp so that while it is immersed he can throw powdered magnesium into the flame and thus secure a very brilliant light under water. In this manner he has been able to obtain some clear and beautiful photographs of the bed of the Mediterranean. Oxygen is carried down in the apparatus to promote combustion.

CAB CALL.—The silent cab call is an invention much to be esteemed, which is now coming into general use in London. Two lamps, one red and the other green, are suspended from the door of a club or other public building. The porter within has merely to press a knob in the entry hall and either the red or the green lamp may be illuminated, the one to call a four-wheeler and the other a hansom.

Farm and Garden.

HORSES.—The farmer who will breed a family of fast-walking horses and establish the breed so that the characteristic will be fixed can make it pay before others can compete with him.

MILK.—Whey, from closely skimmed milk in the cheese making process, possesses but a small amount of nutritive value. Especially in cold weather, when this thin green whey is fed in a half-frozen state, it is of questionable value when fed to the swine. If warmed, however, and enriched with a little ground feed, it will give pigs a good start.

FRUITAGE.—Too early fruitage in newly-set trees is often a sign that a disease or insects have attacked the trees and driven it into premature bearing. Too early coming into bearing usually indicates an excess of nitrogenous fertilizer, and often a deficiency of the mineral elements of plant food. Liberal dressings of potash and phosphate will bring many old orchards into bearing.

PRUNING.—There is no rule for pruning. Each tree is an individual to be considered. The fruit grower should observe the young trees from the time they go in the ground until they have been shaped according to their needs, and the pruning done must be with due regard to the future requirements of each tree.

TO SAVE YOUR DOLLARS, if you need an efficient Cough remedy, buy Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. It may cost you the dollar, but may also save you many more dollars, together with much danger and suffering, for you will then have the surest known remedy. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

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On Eloquence.

We live in an age wherein eloquence is at a discount because of a pestering counterfeit. We are bowed down by wearisome speech-making. It usurps our high places. The strong right arm seems to have been dispossessed by the nimble tongue. Whether we can conjugate "to do" or not, we have mastered "to talk" in every tense and mood. It might be supposed that talk is the motor power which turns every wheel of our industrial, social and political machinery; and yet the greater part of our noisy wrangling is only the cough and wheeze of the exhaust-pipe, and the real work—as with the steam—is done in silence.

There was a time when talk ruled; but that was before the multitude read. The modern growth of speech alongside the growth of reading is rather curious, for with reading comes a distrust of the speech-making that is so much more likely to be hasty, wandering and irresponsible. And yet very thoughtful people are increasingly drawn into speaking direct to their fellows. The man of letters turns politician; the poet, the novelist and the philosopher seek the platform, giving way to what has been called "the lust of speech." May we not expect that presently the world will be packed with ready talkers and sated hearers? But that does not touch eloquence. We cannot have too much eloquence.

One can readily understand the delight of people who indulge in the easy forms of speech that do not reach eloquence. A fluent man can always find somebody who will listen to him with more or less admiration, and so give him a reward payable at sight. The most heartless who scatters the members of Congress into all the retreats in the House, and then booms by the hour to the Speaker and the clerks, finds audiences outside who will bear with him, otherwise how would he be in the House at all? The Cheap Jack, cracking his joke for the thousandth time, knows that somebody will laugh.

Oratory gives the quickest of triumphs. And then so many avenues of credit branch from it. Once let a man surprise himself by talking freely and with acceptance to a roomful of his friends, and he feels that half a dozen delectable prospects have opened out before him—the platform, the pulpit, the Bar, the House. The smaller and shallower he is the sooner does he become excited by his success as a talker. As Emerson put it, a patty-pan enthusiasm quickly reaches boiling-point. No wonder, then, that orators are many.

There is room, too, for much legitimate oratory without reaching boredom on the one hand or eloquence on the other. A great deal of speech-making must necessarily be explanatory. The talker has to present information in terms that may be easily grasped; he has to state his case coolly and lucidly, without arming his hearers against his own arguments. Then he has to marshal his reasons till they march in irresistible array, and to do it attractively, without oppressing the understanding of his hearers. All this is below the level of eloquence and preparatory to it, for eloquence raises the mind to the contemplation of great issues and stirs to its depths the soul of the hearer.

Hume, in his examination of ancient oratory, argued that the former level of great speech-making must have been higher than ours to-day, or the extraordinary outbursts of fanciful language that were indulged in, to an accompaniment of vehement action, would have been impossible.

"Monstrous and gigantic" are the words Hume applies to the figures of speech that were used by the Greek orators in producing a grand climax. Suiting the action to the word, when words were so highly colored, meant indulgence in a very free and broad style of acting. Oratory then partly filled not only the place of our modern press, but it united many of the charms of politics, the law-courts, and the theatre. People flocked from all parts of Greece to hear Demosthenes.

The oration was a studied performance before an immense audience, who judged by sight as well as by hearing, and who expected to be moved as our masses are affected by a melodrama whose "effects" cannot be misread. The speaker deliberately planned his dramatic climax, as when, in criminal cases, at a prearranged signal, the relatives of the injured man burst in and flung themselves, crying for justice, at the feet of the judges.

Many of the sayings of the ancients about oratory confirm the impression that there was a resort to stagy devices and unreality which would not be tolerated now, but would be detected and ridiculed. "To make the small great and the great small," "to make the worse appear the better reason," are outlines of the use of oratory which bar out the perfect sincerity that is one of the essentials of eloquence. If we could hear the greatest orators of antiquity, the probability is that their set orations would appear overdone and ranting, wanting in spontaneity and light and shade.

In making a comparison between ancient and modern oratory we are fatally handicapped by the absence of faithful reports of speeches made before the present century. Even now, when shorthand easily keeps pace with the speaker of average fluency, there are always discrepancies in the reproductions of the finest passages of any great speech. The orations of antiquity, like the orations of the last century, were carefully written, and they have come to us rather as transcripts of what the speaker would have said than as reports of what he actually did say.

The desire to deliver speeches that will live as works of art seems to have died out entirely. Speeches are now regarded as means by which certain ends may be reached. If they ascend to eloquence, it is not for the sake of eloquence, but because the subject has had an inspiring effect, and fine thought and ardor, artistically modulated, may convince a wavering opponent of his mistakes.

Did any speaker ever rise to eloquence who was not helped by his audience? If so, the occasion was stupendous, the theme such as affected the farthest reaches of the soul. There have been public speakers who have thought all audiences alike, but they had evidently missed their vocation when they found themselves on the platform.

Perhaps it was only a fancy of Oliver Wendell Holmes and not an experience which he described when, talking of a lecturing tour, he said, "I have sometimes felt as if I were a wandering spirit, and this great unchanging multivertebrate which I faced night after night was one ever-listening animal, which writhed along after me wherever I fled and coiled at my feet every evening, turning up to me the same sleepless eyes which I thought I had closed with my last drowsy incantation."

Usually speakers find audiences wonderfully different. One audience will dully absorb every ray of light and heat given off by the orator and return nothing; while the next audience will be a perfect reflector, and will incessantly give the speaker back his own in smiles and cheers and tears, or, better still, hold his thought suspended in a silence that is felt along every nerve.

There are speakers who go habitually down to the audience; the eloquent man raises the audience momentarily to his level, mastering them, hypnotizing them all in the thought and influence of the moment, speaking man to man with each. The power of doing that is the most splendid of all gifts and secures the most direct and personal of all triumphs. It is as if the poet made the world accept his song from his own lips.

The ancients indeed put their orators before their poets and rated eloquence as the highest expression of genius, the most perfect evidence of supreme capacity. It was an injudicious estimate; but it will be pardoned by those who remember how short is the orator's fame and how enduring the glory of the poet who fixes for centuries the thought of which eloquence gave but a moment's illustration and exposition.

THERE is a lip-homage to virtue that is deceitful; but that is where a man is false to his own heart, where he pretends to admire what he cares nothing about, and boasts of emotions that he has never felt. There are persons who will deliberately attempt to deceive people into thinking them noble and generous and disinterested, when they have no claim whatever to such a character and no aspirations or longings in that direction. That is an hypocrisy and a fraud that deserves the utmost condemnation and contempt.

IT is a fact that seems to be not always appreciated by the majority of persons that the mind needs rest quite as much as the body. The idea of rest, to most people, seems to mean just to leave off physical exertion; but this is one of the most serious mistakes. It is often the case that the mind is much more in need of rest than the body, and that physical recuperation is next to impossible without freedom from mental strain and worry.

YOU are not obliged to discuss your business or affairs with every one you may chance to know; but in dealing with a confidential friend be perfectly frank. Disclose the real motives of your conduct, and then those who differ from you may still respect you. Nothing is more fatal to friendship than prevarication and deceit.

HONOR to him who first "through the impossible paves a road!" Such, indeed, is the task of every great man; nay, of every good man in one or the other sphere, since goodness is greatness, and the good man, high or humble, is ever a martyr, and a "spiritual hero that ventures forward into the gulf for our deliverance."

MANY ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in the other, and a flower again dwindles down to a mere weed by the same change.

ONE great secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate. The old proverb about too many irons in the fire is absurd. Have them all in—shovel, tongs, poker and all—the more the better.

IF a man really deserves a pedigree, he does not want one, and, if he really wants one, he does not deserve it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

MAYFLOWER.—Yes, anyone can improve their handwriting by careful practice. We should certainly recommend you to give careful attention to the matter.

BETA.—Brass can be coated with tin, thus—Put the brass goods into a copper saucepan, then add as much grain tin as there is in weight of brass. Fill the vessel with water, and add for every pound of brass half an ounce of cream of tartar; then boil the mixture for an hour, and the brass will become white from its coating of tin.

MARY.—A music master in a month would teach you as much as you would learn unaided in a year. He will "be up" to all the little difficulties and "dodges." Do not throw away your time, but engage a teacher, who will soon tell you more than we could in a column. You are not too old to learn, and the exercise would benefit both body and mind.

GLASS.—Gambling is certainly wrong, and any approach to wrong cannot be right. But then, the spirit of the act is to be taken, not the act itself. If two or three old friends play a quiet rubber, where is the harm? Perhaps we may be answered "waste of time,—precious, sacred time." This is true enough: but is not time made for man, not man for time? Can we all be serious as old men?—"sit like our grandsires carved in alabaster?" A wedding feast, or a dance, or playing or gambling in any way, may be wrong if we look at it like sour precisians; but we do not do so, and never will. There is a time to laugh and a time to mourn, and in our laughing time we might do worse than a rubber at whist.

RECIPE.—The odor of flowers is strengthened by moistening them with an alcoholic solution of the corresponding essential oil or perfume manufactured artificially. This is done upon a large scale with violets, roses, hawthorns, etc. For such "doctoring" the artificial oil of rose, violet, etc., are advantageously employed. For such fixing of the odor, which would have been fugacious, glycerine is employed. Some manufacturers sell the perfumes for flowers already prepared. In this line, "violette," composed of 100 grammes of alcohol, 100 of glycerine, and 10 of essence of violet: and "geraniolline," a similar preparation, in which the essence of violet is replaced by geraniol, or artificial oil of rose. In order to renew flowers exhausted by time or carriage, their extremities are immersed in vessels containing a weak solution of sal ammoniac. After this their youth is renewed with a little essential oil.

MAUD.—Colloquially there is no difference between the terms "flirt" and "coquette;" but, in substance, there is a wide one. A coquette is a vain trifling woman, ever soliciting admiration; a flirt is the equally same volatile trifler, but in solid old English is something worse. Old Bailey's definition is "a sorry baggage, a light housewife;" and in our time a flirt is often associated with the jilt, the true meaning of which is too shocking to apply to the brainless self-respect-destroying and scorn-provoking young women, who, by the improprieties of their behavior, have earned the contemptuous epithets "coquette" and "flirt." Most men who jump at hasty conclusions, and their name is legion, fully believe a flirt either has been or will be a jilt! and what a character is that for a woman to acquire: who with her young life in her hands has all the world before her! We have so often expressed an opinion on the subject, that all we can now say is, that if a young woman deliberately wishes to blast all her prospects of future happiness, she has only to turn wooer of men for pastime, for the more cat-like pleasure of torturing, and her cup of meanness, folly, and wickedness will be filled to the brim.

W. B. H.—The maiden name of the original Mother Goose was Elizabeth Foster, who was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1665. In the year 1692, when she was twenty-seven years old, she married Isaac Goose, of Boston, a widower with ten children. She subsequently had six children of her own, making sixteen children in the family. She was very fond of children, and had a wonderful talent for telling them amusing stories in simple rhymes. Probably her own crowded household suggested to her the celebrated lines:

"There was an old woman lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

Her daughter Elizabeth married a printer named Fleet. Their first child was a son, and Mrs. Goose, then a widow, was so overjoyed at having a grandson that she went to her daughter's house, and took almost sole charge of the babe. It is said that she sang to it day and night, driving her son-in-law nearly crazy with her nursery songs. Fleet, who was a publisher in a small way, as well as a printer, finally thought he would turn his mother in law's rhymes to some account. So he wrote them down, and published them in a small volume (in the year 1719), under the name of "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children." They at once became popular, and, as everybody knows, have taken the lead of all nursery literature from that time to this. Mother Goose died in the year 1757, at the age of ninety-two. But the little volume printed by Mr. Fleet, in Boston, in 1719, was not the first book that bore the name of "Mother Goose." A work entitled "Stories of My Mother Goose" was published in France, in 1697. It was a collection of fairy tales, and may never have been heard of by the Boston Mother Goose's son-in-law.

CLOUDS.

BY L. P. D.

Without the scene is dull, and dark, and wet,
The wind in fitful gusts goes eddying by,
While leaden cloud-ships drift athwart the sky
Whose flood-gates open wide. We see, and fret,
And gazing down the sodden ways, forget
The myriad other days when zephyrs sigh,
And golden sunbeams kiss and glorify
Yon distant hill whose emerald crest has met
Gray weeping skies. All life's flow'rs have thorns,
And following after midnights come bright mornes.
So in to-morrow's dawn may pass away
The sullen, frowning skies that mark to-day,
And past the border land 'twixt Here and There
Faith paints for us a realm divinely fair.

Her Revenge.

BY A. H.

"TO tell you that it was a pleasure to me to be with you for an hour the other day would be but to tell you a small portion of the truth. I feel now that no enemy either within or without the gates will have the power to make discord between us again. For one thing, my friendship will be less exacting than of old, and for another, you, I think, have greater reliance on the sincerity of that friendship than you had when it tried to absorb you so utterly.—Always your own,

"BESSIE."

This was the way Mrs. Thorne wrote to a man whose power over her from the first date of their meeting had been such that he had gone away for two or three years in order that he might not be led into the temptation of exercising it.

Now circumstances had compelled him to come back to look after his houses and lands and property generally, of which an unjust steward had been making ducks and drakes during his absence.

The Thornes, his nearest neighbors, were the first to welcome and entertain him. He went to their little dinner in his honor with some misgivings. These were more than justified by the letter he had since received from Mrs. Thorne, which was quoted above.

"She's the dearest woman in the world, but as she's Bob Thorne's wife, I wish there was a thousand miles between us," he said to himself.

Then, being a prudent as well as an honorable man, he twisted up her note and threw it into the fireless grate, and forthwith forgot it and her note in the absorbing interest of some new works he was carrying out for the better draining of his meadow lands, and irrigation of the uplands.

He was not a beauty man, or even a fine fellow physically, this Mr. Walter Gilbert, who had unintentionally made himself the centre round which the rest of the world revolved in Mrs. Thorne's estimation. He was simply a strong, straightforward, practical, clear-headed man, with decision and determination marked in every line of his good-looking, aquiline-featured face—in every glance of his steady, penetrating grey eyes, which were quick as a hawk's—and in every action.

He never regretted anything, or supinely wished that he had pursued another line than the one he had taken. He never asked anyone's opinion about any matter, important or the reverse. He never took or volunteered advice on any subject, business or social, secular or religious. He never interfered with other people, or told them what he "would do were he in their place."

He never sneered or gibed at anyone, though he was outspoken in denouncing as rogues and fools those whom he believed to be these things.

And lastly, without effort he swayed men and women equally with an irresistible force that was neither hypnotism nor fascination—for all occult arts were abhorrent to him, and his brusqueness frightened many whom he enthralled. But even the frightened ones excused him and perhaps liked him the better for the brusqueness which was so entirely his own.

Perhaps one of the strongest of his subjugating forces was the intense earnestness with which he pursued everything he took in hand. Every kind of sport claimed him as its own most ardent votary.

He would fish for small trout with the same concentrated intensity of purpose with which he would fight, conquer and break in an unruly or vicious horse.

He was never frivolous or half-hearted about anything he took in hand, however frivolous in itself that thing might be. It was this combination of physical and moral strength and earnestness which had first impressed Mrs. Thorne.

Once impressed by them, and being a dreamily idle woman, she had dwelt upon them until they had assumed such important proportions that they filled her mind, soul, heart and fancy to the exclusion of everything else.

"If Bob had only been like him what a happy woman I should be," she said to herself at the beginning. Then Bob not being a bit like him—Bob being in fact a weak vessel, who could never quite make up his mind what he ought to do or whether he would do it or not, she began to cry out in the innermost recesses of her heart against the injustice of circumstance and the Fates which prevented her having "his" constant companionship.

"Bessie beats the beauties hollow. She has a way with her that no fellow can stand out against," Bob Thorne was wont to assure his men friends—Walter Gilbert among them—in moments of confidence when the wit was out. She was one of those oval-faced, pale brunettes whose dark eyes always droop slightly and look sad.

She never tried to take by storm, but just glided softly into your interest and affections with a few softly spoken words, an expressive gesture or two of the slender hands which, tiny as they were, looked to be quite enough for the delicate wrists to support. For the rest she had a charming supple shape, and her manner when she wished it to be so was one long caress.

It had been one long caress to Bob Thorne from the day she married him until that day ten years after when he had introduced Walter Gilbert to her.

It was a necessity of her nature to love and to be loved by someone. So, long after Bob Thorne had found out that it was not at all necessary for a fellow to be a devout lover in private, she went on tendering him her pretty flattering homage out of mere force of habit, scarcely noticing, and caring less, whether he responded to it or not.

In public he would play his part as owner proudly enough, boring everyone he could get hold of with, "My wife's opinion," and "My wife's splendid management," the superiority of her boots and gloves, her salads and home trimmed hats.

And Bessie used to writhe under these ill-advised commendatory notices, but still smile at him in her sad, sweet way, and wonder within herself why she had been mad enough to marry such a tactless feeble brother.

He regarded himself as a country gentleman on the strength of being the resident owner of a pretty little house and grounds, but his tastes and pursuits belied him.

He was a poor shot, and to ride he was afraid, while the sight of him on the box seat of a dog-cart made strong men weep. But he talked a great deal about shootin', and ridin' and drivin', and fancied he impressed Bessie considerably with his proficiency in these several arts.

To read, and dream, and do beautiful embroideries, and see that her dainty home was always in exquisitely dainty order, and to see as little of Bob as possible, these things had been sufficient for Bessie for ten years.

She was not very happy, but on the other hand was not very unhappy. Then she met Walter Gilbert and everything was changed. He was like a strong north wind blowing away the relaxing vapors which had hitherto surrounded her. So, simultaneously she grew stronger and weaker.

There was no novice about her. She neither meant nor wished to win his heart or lose her own. Only everything he did and the way he did it interested her more keenly than she had ever been interested in anything before—interested her so keenly in fact that those days were blanks on which she was not hearing or seeing him.

It was "all friendship, nothing but friendship," she impressed upon him. But she "couldn't bear that he should have another friend, man or woman, more especially the latter."

She was jealous of every moment he gave to anyone or anything else, even his horses she looked upon with jealous eyes, till at last the flattery grew too potent, and he woke suddenly to the fear that the temptation might prove too strong.

So he went away for a time. Now he was home again, and she was more infatuated than ever. Every look that she shot at him betrayed this, but he held out stoutly, and held her in check in spite of herself.

"Bob wants you to dine with us to-night." "Bob wants you to take me to the Parkhurst races, as he can't possibly go himself." "Bob wants you to come and stay a week with us and help him to arrange a big shoot."

These and similar missives were fired at Gilbert nearly every day. But still he kept his head honorably, and told himself he would cure her kindly in a short time by marrying some fresh sweet young girl with whom he would fall desperately in love and who would effectually put fascinating Mrs. Bob Thorne out of his head.

But some way or other he did not meet the girl who had the power of doing this, and Time went on after his usual habit.

Bob Thorne had been more than ordinarily trying for several weeks. He had taken a violent fancy to a barmaid, who attracted the gilded youth largely to the "Red Lion," the chief hotel of the neighboring market town.

She happened to be a cool and cute young woman, capable of keeping any number of half-seas-over swains at bay. But Bob Thorne's fatuous generosity touched her, and the possibility of one day ruling as a chatelaine at his pretty country house appealed to her ambition strongly.

"It's no good, Mr. Thorne, your pretty speeches are windbags that would collapse at a pin-prick," she told him one day when his ardor had led him on to make sundry alluring proposals which would not be legalized.

"Try me," he said eagerly, "test me, Bella. There is nothing on earth that I would not do or sacrifice for you."

"Would you call it a sacrifice to make me your wife?"

"Unhappily, I am cursed with one already," said the weak fool; "otherwise, how proud I should be to call you mine before the whole world."

"Do you mean it?"

"On my sacred word of honor I do."

"Then divorce your wife—any other man would have done it long ago."

"Divorce—! Bessie!" he stammered.

"Why, yes," she laughed scornfully. "She worships the ground Gilbert treads on, and they're always together. A young man I know—he's my cousin—is his valet, and he brought me a letter of your wife's which you shall see if you like?"

For a few moments the instincts of a gentleman fought against the grossly plebeian temptation—and fought in vain.

"Let me see it," he said hoarsely, and she handed the letter which was quoted at the beginning of this story, to him with a triumphant smile.

* * * * * *

As Fate willed it, that same day Walter Gilbert met a girl whom he had not seen for years, one who had been his little sweetheart when he was fifteen and she was ten.

To have her for his little sweetheart again became his dominating desire. Surely Bessie Thorne would prove her womanhood by releasing him from a bondage that was sinful in thought, though not in deed?

He was always alert and prompt. To remind this girl of old times, to tell her that he wanted her again and meant to have her, was the work of an hour. His power asserted itself over her as instantaneously and overwhelmingly as it had over Bessie Thorne.

She was a proud and radiantly happy girl that night when he left her, and all her family seemed disposed to bow down and worship *her* for having won him.

For two or three days she was in Paradise. Her lover was an ideal lover, openly devoted to her, as far as a man may be devoted to a woman without making a fool of himself.

During these few days Mrs. Bob Thorne gave no sign of having received the laconic communication Walter Gilbert had made to her of his engagement to Marjorie Bligh.

At the end of those few days—days which had been full of terror and horror for her—she crept out of the lodgings she had taken when her husband, after confronting her with her own letter to Gilbert, turned her out of her home, and walked in the welcome shade of evening to the house of the man she adored.

It was his dinner hour. She would be "sure to find him at home," she told herself, and he would be sure to repair the mischief he had wrought by his careless custody of her letters, by promising to marry her as soon as she was divorced.

His housekeeper met her with an air of greater surprise than welcome.

"Surely not you, Mrs. Thorne, out a-walking at this time of night all alone?" she began reprovingly; then struck with the hunted, harassed expression of the lady whom she had never seen in a strait that seemed to crave for pity before, she added: "But come in and rest yourself, Ma'am, if I may make so bold as to ask you to rest and take a cup of tea in my room."

Mrs. Thorne's parched, pinched lips worked nervously for a moment, then she said:

"Mr. Gilbert, I must see him at once. Tell him, ask him——" she paused and fell half-fainting on the stone seat of the porch.

A glass of water and a bottle of lavender salts quickly pulled her round, and she rose and walked into the house, repeating:

"I must see Mr. Gilbert at once—at once!"

"Master is out dining with his young lady," the housekeeper said with distinct coldness.

"With his—what?" Mrs. Thorne cried out, putting her hands up as if to ward off a blow.

"His young lady, Miss Majorie Bligh. Lor', Ma'am, I made sure you would have been the first to hear the news of the engagement. Such friends as you and the master are, so all the folks say."

"Engagement! Marjorie Bligh! Merciful God, help me! Bring him back to me or let me die."

As she sobbed out the last words her strength gave way, and she fell forward in a heap on the floor, where she laid in a state of utter unconsciousness, while the frightened housekeeper ran to seek for smelling salts and a fellow servant's help.

"She's that mad, reckless, that she let the cat out of the bag, poor soul, before she dropped down in this dead faint," the woman explained to the parlor-maid. Then together they lifted Mrs. Thorne up and put her on a couch in the drawing-room, she remained in a death-like swoon for two or three hours. Just as she was coming to herself, Walter Gilbert came in cheerfully, accompanied by his future brother-in-law, Jack Bligh, who had walked home with him to smoke a last cigar.

* * * * * *

For a moment or two they stared at each other in silence. Then she, seeing no one, thinking of no one, caring for no one but him, rose up and faltered towards him with outstretched, imploring hands, crying:

"Walter, Walter, tell me it's not true? You are mine, are you not? Not Marjorie Bligh's, or any other woman's; and I shall be all your own now, for Bob is going to divorce me; he has found one of my letters to you, and——"

She stopped short, terrified into speechlessness by the storm that raged in his face.

"You are ill, or hysterical, Mrs. Thorne," he said sternly; "it is impossible that you could receive the tidings of my great happiness in such a way if you were in possession of your senses."

"Your—great—happiness?"

"In having won Miss Bligh's promise to be my wife."

"But you have taken my promise that I will be that if ever I am free. And I shall be free now, for Bob is going to divorce me, to divorce me on your account—on account of one of the mad letters I have written to you, believing in your love," she cried wildly.

"By Jove! this is becoming serious, Gilbert; think of Marjorie;" Jack Bligh put in. He was a blockhead, but an honorable one, and he had no fancy for seeing his sister thrown over, or dust thrown in her eyes.

"He must think of me first," Mrs. Thorne cried furiously.

"If she's mad you had better get rid of her as quickly and quietly as you can," Jack Bligh went on stolidly.

"Mrs. Thorne, control yourself and be reasonable; our friendship has been a happy and honorable one. Why tarnish it now by emotion that you have no right to display?" Mr. Gilbert said collectedly.

"No right to display! When for you I have lost home, reputation, position, everything."

"Most causelessly, as your husband will soon be made to understand," he replied.

"By Jove! she may have heard of the pretty barmaid at the 'Red Lion.' Thorne is dead nuts on her," Jack Bligh suggested thoughtfully.

"Walter, walk back to my lodgings with me," she pleaded; "hear what I have to tell you. You must hear it; you shall hear it: your love can't have turned to indifference so soon. Think! I have lost everything for you."

"Order the carriage and tell Robins to drive Mrs. Thorne home," Gilbert said quietly.

"Home! I have no home, I will you!"

"You will accompany Mrs. Thorne home," Gilbert went on, turning to his housekeeper, "see Mr. Thorne if possible, and tell him I will see him at any place and hour he likes to-morrow."

"I dare not go home," she sobbed, falling on her knees by the couch and burying her face in it. "I have been turned out of it; all my servants saw him turn me out in a fury that made him almost foam. I will stay here, or I will die."

"Then I wish you good-night, Mrs. Thorne. Bligh, I will go home with you. Marjorie must not hear of this from anyone but us two."

She sprang to her feet and flew at him: the gentle, fragile woman was tranformed into a tigress.

"She shall hear of it from me," she raved, "she shall hear it when she is happiest. She shall hear everything that a jealous woman can say that stabs."

"Madam, you are mad," he said, turning away, and she shrieked after him:

"Mad with love for you! Love that you won years ago and have held fast ever since. Love that is worth a thousandfold of the poor stuff your Marjorie Bligh can give you!"

"What a shocking scene," said the housekeeper; "do compose yourself, Ma'am, and go home, there's a dear lady, to your own husband."

But Mrs. Thorne refused to stir from the house of the man she claimed. She was indeed mad—or temporarily insane—for love of him.

There was a meeting between the husband (who was betrothed to the barmaid), and the lover (who was betrothed to Marjorie Bligh), the following day, and Bob Thorne had his claws cut in a way he little anticipated.

"I know how you got hold of the letter Mrs. Thorne wrote to me in a spirit of romantic friendship," Walter Gilbert began, without any preface, "you got it from the barmaid at the 'Red Lion,' whom you have promised to marry as soon as you can divorce your wife. Shall I tell you who stole it for the barmaid?"

"It was her cousin who let her see it," Mr. Thorne said, with a pitiable attempt at decision.

"It was my blackguard fellow Rayner who under the pretence of valeting me has been rifling my pockets of cash and letters. He is not your barmaid's cousin; he stands in a far nearer relation to her; he is the father of her child, and she is going to pension him off liberally if he will give her up entirely, when she marries you.

"I got his confession in writing this morning; he was craven enough to make it rather than risk getting eighteen months' hard labor for having robbed me of money and plate, both of which have been found this morning in your barmaid's box. How about your scheme of married happiness with that woman now?"

"Everything is gone from me, my wife, my love, my honor," Bob Thorne groaned.

"Hang it, man, don't sit there and shed maudlin tears over your own confounded folly and your dishonorable practices. What have you done with the letter I wrote to Mrs. Thorne, telling her as a friend and a gentleman in whom she had kindly taken an interest, of my engagement? I entrusted it to Rayner, he gave it into your hands. Take it to your wife now, beg her pardon, and bring her home."

With that parting shot of advice Mr. Gilbert turned on his heel and walked away.

"I'll bet a hundred to one on Bella, still," Bob muttered to himself as he rode over to the "Red Lion" half an hour after the interview which has just been recorded. "I don't believe about the child, and I know she'll stick to me, though I'm afraid I shan't be able to get rid of Bessie. Confound her! While she was about it, why didn't she write a more criminating letter to the fellow, and why hasn't he given me a scrap of evidence against himself? I won't take Bessie back, that's flat."

He turned into a by-road as his reflections reached this point, and was passing by a little clump of cottages known as Mount Pleasant, when the sound of a voice he knew—a voice that thrilled him, made him check his horse and listen attentively.

"If you'll take ten pounds, Rayner, and take the child away, and never let me see you or it again, I'll be your friend by cheque as long as I live. He can't marry me, he can't till he has divorced her six months, he says, but as soon as I am his wife you shall have fifty pounds a year, and that's more than you'll ever get by staying here and interfering and persecuting me."

Bob Thorne turned his horse's head and rode back to Mr. Gilbert's house, where he made soft mouthed inquiries for his wife.

"She's asleep in my room, having cried and sobbed till 'twas pitiful to hear her," the housekeeper told him. "Poor lady! I am sorry for her. I think she must have had a touch of the sun."

"Very likely," Bob said sapiently. "I have had one myself, but I am all right again."

"Of course your lady being here keeps master out of his own house, sir?"

"I'll fetch her this evening," Bob was saying hurriedly, when Bessie, with a tear-stained, swollen face and dishevelled hair and dress, came trembling into the room.

"Why have you come?" she asked piteously.

"To take you home, dear; and to give you this letter, which I opened by mistake before I saw that it was addressed to you," he said fawningly.

She read it, her face twitching with agony, her eyes flashing fire with futile jealousy.

"It is true then. He tells me he is going to marry this girl, this baby-faced, buccolic-minded country bumpkin," she said scornfully, crushing the note to a ball in her feverish hand. "Well, I will go back with you if you're weak enough to take me. I must sit down somewhere and rest before I can aid in the completion of his happiness."

"Oh! I'm sure it's a touch of the sun," Mr. Thorne murmured. "I must take her home and look after her well. I hope you don't misunderstand things?" he went on eagerly. "She is really devoted to me when she has her senses about her. She—"

"Oh, don't touch me, and don't attempt to explain," she interrupted. "They know far better than you do what is the matter with me. 'Hell holds no fury like a woman scorned,' and Walter Gilbert has scorned me!"

"If you could control yourself, Bessie, we would go away for a few years, and all this would be forgotten."

"Go away! with you!" There was no mistaking the genuine shudder of disgust with which she said this. Through the thick skin of his fatuous conceitedness he was stung by it. But his rage against the barmaid made him tolerant to his wife. Her outspoken abhorrence of him was humiliating, but the barmaid had plotted to defraud him of fifty pounds a year, which was worse.

It was not a pleasant drive home for either husband or wife. He was engaged in speculations as to how much she knew about Bella, of "Red Lion" fame, and she was concentrating all her energies in evolving a scheme of revenge upon Marjorie Bligh for having taken Walter Gilbert away from her.

A savage and subtle revenge that should crush Marjorie out of Gilbert's life, and at the same time not render herself, Bessie Thorne, revolting in his eyes. Bob Thorne would have had an easier time of it during that drive had he known how little his wife was thinking of his escapade with the barmaid.

"I will get rid of the servants who saw our little tiff the other night, dear," he said at length, humbly and tentatively.

"Not on my account, I beg," she said coldly. "They will see, and hear, and think no worse of either of us if they stay than they have seen, and heard, and thought already."

"You at least have had no fault to find with me, Bessie. I have always been liberal to you, and indulged your every whim, now, haven't I? It's true I made a little mistake about Walter Gilbert, in fact I am willing to admit I made a fool of myself. But that was because I was so awfully fond of you, you know, and it's all over now, isn't it?"

He said all this eagerly, pressing closer to her, trying to take her hand and kiss her, but she shrank into the corner of the carriage muttering:

"Be anything but kind to me—kindness from you I cannot stand. I don't deserve it, and I won't take it."

"By Jove! She hasn't heard about Bella after all. I have her under my thumb," Bob Thorne thought triumphantly, and at that moment they arrived at their own door, and a crowd of eagerly curious servants came forward to meet them.

Days passed on and merged into weeks, and still Mrs. Thorne was unable to mature any plan of revenge on her unconscious rival that should meet all the niceties of the case. Miss Bligh's character was spotlessly assailable. Her wedding day was fast approaching, and Walter Gilbert was still devotedly attached to her.

It was the commencement of the hunting season, and the opening meet was at Hanging Bridge, and was, as usual, a brilliant and largely attended one. Mrs. Thorne was there in her pony-trap, utterly regardless of the looks askance and whisperings of some of her whilom friends and acquaintances, whose ears the rumor of her mad escapade had reached.

Marjorie Bligh was there also, mounted on a young horse, who was as yet unversed in the ways of the hunting field, with her lover by her side.

They soon found and got away in good style on a stretch of open moorland that looked an ideal hunting ground. The short springy turf was seductively green and smooth. But many a horse and rider came to untoward grief upon it, for it was full of pitfalls for the unwary in the shape of rabbit holes.

Marjorie Bligh's horse had spent his colthood on this very tract, so he sailed over it with a pace that soon carried her far away from Walter Gilbert's steadier weight-carrier.

There was a check when they came to a thick wood, into which Reynard plunged. Part of the field skirted the wood to a point at which they knew he would emerge, but the master, followed by four or five, rode on straight after their quarry, and among the few who did so was Marjorie Bligh.

She rode next to the master, and following her at about ten yards distance came a naval man who had been more than a little in love with her before the re-appearance of Mr. Gilbert.

She turned her head for a moment to call out some blithe remark, the next he saw horse and rider come to the ground with a heavy crash. The fallen bough of a tree concealed by undergrowth stretched across the path. The master's horse had escaped the hidden snare, but Marjorie's had fallen headlong over it, breaking his own neck, and flinging his young mistress to the ground with cruel force.

She was apparently lifeless when they picked up her beautiful young body that had been so full of health and vigor but an instant before. But after a time she opened her eyes and her lips moved, though no sound came from them.

"Someone must go on and tell Gilbert. God forgive me! I can't do it myself," the naval man groaned, and from among the horror-stricken crowd which had gathered about her, one or two came forward and volunteered for the mission of misery and despair.

"Cover my face before he comes," the girl whispered, and then those around her felt that she realized that her fair beauty was marred beyond restoration.

It was an agonizing meeting, worse perhaps for the strong man than for the sweet, shattered girl, whose mind soon wandered from the painful present into dreamy labyrinths of imaginary happiness, wherein she strayed for many a long day.

When these visions cleared away, she found that her face was seamed and scarred out of all resemblance to the lovely one which had looked back at her the last time she had gazed in the glass, but she was very brave, braver by far than her broken-hearted family. Her voice did not even falter when she asked if "Walter knew?"

"Knows it and loves each scar more than he did the dear little peach-like face you had before the accident," the woman who had helped Marjorie's mother to nurse her the whole time, said cheerfully; "but I mustn't deprive him of the pleasure of telling you this himself."

"Are you Mrs. Thorne?" Marjorie asked wonderingly.

"I am Bessie Thorne," that lady said blushing deeply, "and now Mr. Gilbert shall come in and tell you everything you want to hear."

"I only want to hear him say he loves me still," Marjorie said wistfully.

"And that you shall hear every day of your dear mercifully-preserved life, my own," Gilbert said kneeling down by his loving little wife's side, and she was happier than she had ever been in her life before.

But no one ever knew that it was at Bessie Thorne's prayers and solicitations that in the first hours of the awful shock he had clung to his honor and his love. That he did so eventually was the sweetest revenge that her generous, erring, warm heart desired.

The Adjutant's Swim.

BY M. C.

NOW part of this story may be read with doubt, if not disbelief. Some of my friends, indeed, go so far as to hint that some three years' residence in Ireland, as adjunct of the Black Northerners, has made me no less Irish than any Ulsterman. And the men of the north, though less given to speaking unadvisedly with their lips than their lighter-hearted and impulsive brethren of the other three provinces, yet love likewise to make a good story just a trifle better, especially if thereby they can slily poke fun at a too credulous listener.

But this my tale is gospel truth.

It was the hottest summer in Ireland most people remembered. Naturally old soldiers like myself, who could tell a tale of Indian experience, thought little of it. But our Northerns, especially the recruits, were as limp as if the marrow had melted in their bones.

Well, of all the hot days that summer the one I am going to speak of was the hottest. We were out on afternoon parade, but were doing "no good at all." Even the sergeants considered the sultriness "over anything," so one of them confided to me, with perspiring brow. As to the men, they were sick with it; they had no heart for their work, and my pity was stirred for them.

Not so that of our chief. Stout, sixty, and his usually jovial face turning sourer and sourer, he was rapidly becoming a study in blue and purple.

At last, watching his wine-colored visage darkening to Tyrian hue, I grew alarmed. Meanwhile the men were melting like candles in a heated ball-room.

"They're disimproving, but then what wind there is is a Morocco," sighed Sergeant Moloney.

Presently a brilliant idea lightened my gloom.

Taking my opportunity, being on the colonel's right hand, I contrived to utter words of persuasion.

"The men are no better than shapeless jellies, sir, but it is a terribly hot day. Don't you think it would be well to let them off any more drill, and make them bathe instead? A swim in the lake would do them all the good in the world."

"What—bathe? now? No more drill? Bless my soul! Why in the name of common sense, etc., etc.," spluttered the worthy chief.

He invariably began by making objections to all his adjutant's propositions by way of asserting his authority, but as invariably ended by accepting them. This was the case now, after some more judicious pressure. With a sudden air of spontaneous generosity, he gave the required permission, and dismissed the parade.

Now the lake where the men were to bathe lay only some few hundred yards from the large field that was our drill-ground. In fact, it was the sight of its cool surface and the shade of a few trees, though these were stunted and scattered, that put the wish into my head. There never were men so happy as my poor Northerns when they heard the good news. In next to no time they were all by the lake edge, playing tricks on each other like boys let loose from school.

Well, I had considered how to manage the business, and nothing was ever better planned, in my modest opinion.

There was to be no such thing allowed as a general rush helter-skelter into the water. Each company must take its turn, and the sergeants had orders to be particularly careful that no man should enter the water at all unless he knew how to swim. For the lake happened to be very deep, and the banks went straight down as a wall into the water. A fixed time was likewise given for each set to disport themselves.

Back went the Black Northerners to their tents to leave their heavy accoutrements. Presently a much cheerier crowd in considerably lighter attire reappeared, carrying towels instead of arms.

Tying up my horse to a tree near the lake, I myself retired to a knoll some way back. Here, sitting down, the adjutant took his ease, overlooking operations, while the man smiled a warm smile upon his fellow men enjoying existence. Perhaps he wished rank did not forbid him to strip also, and take a header like these others.

Presently my retreat was found out. The doctor attached to the regiment, a capital fellow, who loved a good listener, and had no end of stories, joined me to enjoy a pipe.

"Poor land this," he presently remarked. "It remarks me of a story about a friend of mine who was traveling in Connemara. He kept looking around with the eye of a Meath farmer, and at last said to his jarvey, 'Well, now, Pat, that's poor land, though you keep on praising it. Now, how many would that feed in the acre?' 'Troth,' says Pat, scratching his head, 'I think your honor—I think one hare in the summer-time, but before winter came she'd take to her Leabe.'"

"Look there! What's that?" I interrupted, springing to my feet and staring towards the lake.

Some distance out there were two men swimming near each other, who were going through rather odd antics. They were splashing, churning up the water, and making mill-wheels of their arms, as if for sport. But was it?

"There may be something wrong, colonel. I'll go and see."

With that downhill I ran as fast as a tight uniform and spurs would allow me. All the while the same game was going on in the water, only more feebly. The men were growing exhausted with their struggles.

"Sergeant, those men are drowning."

"Troth, captain, I'm feared they are."

There was no time for hesitation. I just tore open my tunic, threw off my sword and went into the water as I was, spurs and all.

Well, out I struck doing my very best, and by the time I got to where the men were, though one of them was still keeping himself afloat the other was plainly done. He was still on the surface, nevertheless, and why it was he did not sink is a puzzle, even now when one considers it.

There he was, however, nearly unconscious, so taking a good clutch of his sandy hair I took him in tow.

This first part of the task was comparatively easy, and pretty soon I got my man safe to the shore. Here, my friend the doctor, who had hurried after me, promptly swooped on his lawful charge whom he soon made a private again instead of a corpse.

All the regiment was now gathering on the bank and gave me a rousing cheer that warmed my heart to the work. Somehow none of the men seemed sure of themselves in the water. In fact there was not a good swimmer among them. So they did not offer to help, probably thinking I was quite able to carry out the rescue single-handed.

Well, round I turned and swam back for my second man, amid a roar of enthusiasm.

Now, it is odd, but perfectly true, that I did not feel one jot tired as yet. Certainly I had always taken a modest pride in my exploits of swimming, which were reckoned above the average. Still, it would have been natural to have felt out of breath, being weighed down with my heavy uniform and boots, and in a general way I probably should have done so, but perhaps excitement buoyed me up.

So, stroke after stroke I got nearer and nearer to where the other fellow had been, but where he was not now.

No, there was not a trace of the poor Black Northerner; yet, without a doubt, he had been about here when last I saw his arms working wildly. And there—yes—were some bubbles on the water, three or four yards to my right.

Getting up to the spot my thought was to dive when I got a glimpse of the missing man. The lake was so clear one could see a long way down in the water, and there was a black human poll beneath me, sinking and sinking.

Quick as lightning down I shot and made a grasp at his hair. But it was short and slipped through my fingers. I was just about to try a second time when I felt myself caught and dragged down!

Merciful powers! The drowning wretch had just enough consciousness left to raise his arm when he felt my touch. And he had clutched firm hold of my spur.

Down we went together, down—down. It seemed to me as if we were sinking to the very roots of the hills. Then we began to come up again.

Oh! the blessed relief of rising to the surface once more, even with that terrible weight on my heel. I was choking as if all the water in the lake had gone down my throat.

What saved me from sinking again was a desperate feeling that life was sweet—that I would make an effort to strike out for it.

The next few minutes were simply awful. There was a mist before my eyes and a singing in my ears, while my chest was so oppressed every labored breath was pain. None remained in me to cry out with, and all I could hope for blindly, vaguely, was that someone on the shore would see my distress and come to my help. As they told me afterwards, not a man of all the regiment stirred.

They simply stood watching me, thinking that I had not been able to save the second soldier, so was returning disappointed.

My clothes were like a ton weight, and that incubus fastened to my feet seemed a millstone that must soon drown me in the depths of the lake. Then a devilish longing possessed my mind to kick off the drowning wretch and save myself. But I am thankful now that I had not strength enough.

On, on, slower and slower we went. Now I could see the bank clearly and all the waiting half-dressed men watching. Little they guessed, seeing me apparently alone, that their comrade's body was dragging behind me under the water.

A few more yards and I struggled nearer, afraid to lose my strength by calling out. Then the voice of big Sergeant Maloney came as in a dream to my ears.

"Begorra! I always thought till now the captain was a good swimmer!"

Such rage possessed me at the stupidity of the bystanders, that if only it could have been granted me to give Maloney a crack on the jaw I would have died happy next moment. Idiot! fool! not to know that seldom had any man done such a swimming feat before.

Three or four more desperate strokes brought me nearer the bank that rose straight some feet above deep water. Then my last flicker of strength ebbed and I could only just gasp:

"Help! The other man's holding on to my foot." They heard me.

"Where's the fishing-rod? Throw him the line. Look sharp, boys," cried various voices. Feebly I tried to grasp the line that was thrown me, and it broke. Down under water once more—the recoil had been too much. Down—down! But a second time I came up, though exhausted. The end of a fishing rod touched my grasping fingers. And as the poor fellow below had clutched my heel, so I clutched the rod—and knew no more.

* * * * * *

When next consciousness returned, I was lying in my tent, and the low beams of the sun were withdrawing from the door. Friendly voices cheered my ears with words of congratulations, praise, and good news. Incredible though it seemed the second private I had so strangely brought to land was alive, like his comrade, to thank me.

Together the Black Northerners had drawn us both out of the water, they told me. Together. For the seemingly dead man's hand was so tightly clutched on my spur, and the rowels so deeply embedded that his grasp could not be loosed, and it was necessary to cut out the heel of my boot. Then all praise to our doctor who, after a long and terribly difficult task, succeeded in reviving the poor fellow's apparently extinct life.

Sergeant Maloney, as kind a soul as ever breathed, came to see me next morning. His mind, he intimated, was so full of praise, hardly a word could come out any more than one wisp of hay from the middle of a stack.

"But we're proud of you, captain, we're proud!" he exclaimed.

"Ah, sergeant," said I, "do you thought I could swim"

That is the end of my story. At least, nearly so. For perhaps the real ending came one fine day later, when on full-dress parade the medal of the Royal Humane Society was pinned on my breast by our colonel's wife. As to the cheering afterwards, it rings in my ears now.

WEALTH OF THE PRESIDENTS.—General Grant, previous to his losses, was estimated to be worth $200,000.

Hayes was not rich, though in a well-to-do condition. Andrew Johnson and Abraham Lincoln each left $50,000.

James Buchanan died worth $200,000. Franklin Pierce entered the White House poor, but went back to Concord worth $60,000. Millard Fillmore made a snug fortune out of the law, and was comparatively rich when he became President.

General Taylor saved his army salary, and was in independent circumstances when elected to the presidency. He held the office hardly a year and a half, and left a property worth $60,000.

Tyler was a bankrupt when the death of Harrison made him President, and he married a fortune in Miss Gardiner. He went out of office a rich man, but he became a leader in the Confederacy and his property was sunk in the general ruin occasioned by war.

James J. Polk had good opportunity to make money before his election, and he was an economist by nature. He left $1,50 000.

Martin Van Buren was the richest of all our Presidents, his estate being estimated at $600 000. He made money as a lawyer and also as a politician, and his real estate purchases became immensely profitable, but his money has been almost entirely wasted by his heirs.

Andrew Jackson was not a money-making man. He lived nine years after the expiration of his term of office, and left only a large landed estate commonly known as the Hermitage.

John Quincy Adams was a methodical business man and economist. He left about $40 000, which at that time was a large sum.

James Monroe was so poor in his old age that he became the guest of his son-in-law Samuel L. Gouverneur, of New York, where he died.

Madison was more successful in taking care of his money, and left his widow a property which enabled her to live handsomely in Washington till the end of her days.

Jefferson passed his last days in much distress, and was really afraid that his place would be sold by the sheriff. He was an object of public charity, and a subscription was opened in his behalf in New York, but his death occurred so soon that the benevolent effort was not required.

Old John Adams left an estate worth $30 000. Washington was a rich man for his day, his wealth being due to marriage. Mount Vernon was not a productive property, but Mrs. Custis brought him a large fortune which she inherited from her first husband.

View our Presidents in mere pecuniary estate, there are a hundred men in New York each of whom could buy the whole of them. When one contemplates their true worth, however, one sees how utterly poor mere wealth becomes in comparison.

FINGER NAILS A MARK OF RANK.—In Annam excessively long finger nails have for many centuries been considered a most important symbol of rank, as much regard being paid to them as to pedigrees in other countries. Indeed, some Annamites of the upper classes are stated to have never had their nails cut since the day of their birth.

Of course, it is impossible to do any work, or even to write with finger-nails projecting a foot or more, and thus liable to injury. The proud owners of them have therefore to be attended at all hours of the day and night by servants, who perform the most trivial offices for them.

The Annamite ladies cannot comb their hair. They cannot even feed themselves, for fear of damaging their long and beautiful finger nails. No gentleman in Annam can have finger nails over a few inches long, as he cannot afford to employ the servants which their possession would necessitate.

The strangest thing in connection with this queer aristocracy is, that it is likewise a kind of democracy, for the son of a newly-rich merchant can cultivate finger-nails as long as those of the king, while an Annamite of even the bluest blood, once he becomes deprived of wealth and servants, must cut his finger nails and descend among the common herd.

His ancient lineage will then avail him but little. So long as his finger-nails remain short he is considered a man of no importance.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN OUTDONE.—A remarkable story is being told of the recent fighting in Far Cathay. While storming the first line of forts at Port Arthur, a Japanese soldier belonging to the Twenty-fourth regiment raised his rifle to fire at an unusually conspicuous Chinaman.

Just as he was about to fire a bullet from the enemy's side came whizzing on, and, marvelous to relate, entered the barrel of his own gun as smoothly and neatly as if the muzzle had been placed in position to receive it. Of course, there was an explosion, and the Japanese private was shattered to the stock, but without receiving any injury whatever.

A hair's-breadth variation to the right or left would have caused the ball to lodge in the brain or face, so that his escape was nothing short of miraculous. The soldier preserved the stock of the now useless weapon, and exhibited it to his colonel who permitted him to keep it as a memento.

At Home and Abroad.

Near Antwerp there is a town called Gheel, which is inhabited by lunatics, who have for the most part been relegated to confinement in this way. There are 6 000 lunatics in all, and the town of Gheel is situated in the centre of the forest. Each house is extremely comfortable and contains one or two lunatics, a farm being attached to each house.

Caricaturists in depicting a German are in the habit of putting a big pipe in his mouth. The pipe is national, indeed; but the Germans as a nation are far from being the greatest smokers. They do not smoke more than Frenchmen, Russians, Swedes or Hungarians. The men of the United States and the men of Switzerland are the most inveterate smokers in the world. In these two countries the consumption of tobacco per head is three times greater than in Germany.

"Grangerising" is a fad which is just now being revived. It is a delightful occupation, and the only objection to it is that which may be urged against collections of any sort. To "grangerize" is to interleave a favorite book with illustrations, autographs and anything and everything of value that has reference to the text. A well-known bibliophile has spent twenty years grangerising an edition of Dickens' works, and he has had many of the volumes handsomely rebound, for they have been extended to eight and ten times their original size.

One of our leading shipbuilders proposes to abandon the wine christening ceremony at future launchings of vessels from his docks, but he will substitute for it another and even prettier idea. Hereafter, instead of breaking the bottle of champagne on the vessel's nose, the fair lady will let loose a cageful of swift birds, which will fly in all directions as the ship begins to move, typifying the diverse nature of commerce. This idea, which is borrowed from the Japanese, teaches liberty and economy. The birds are given their freedom, and the wine is saved for other than spilling purposes.

It has been found necessary to take measures to put a stop to the coloring of lobsters and crayfish which goes on at the great central markets of Paris. Pots of red paint have been seized, and the vendors of the too brilliant-looking shell fish have been prosecuted in the police court for fraud by adulteration. The object of coloring the lobsters is to give them an appearance of freshness after they have been in stock for some time. It would not be surprising to hear that some very modern epicures like their lobster with its claws brightened to a more vivid red than boiling can produce. Indeed, one of the fish-wives who was accused of the practice said that her customers liked the painted fish better.

Many well authenticated cases are recorded of the hair being almost instantly blanched by terror or grief. The hair of King Ludwig, of Bavaria, became white upon learning that a person whom he had put to death was innocent of the crime charged. The beard and hair of the great Duke of Brunswick whitened within twenty-four hours, upon learning that his father had been mortally wounded in battle. The hair of both Mary, Queen of Scots, and Marie Antoinette whitened within a few hours of the time of their execution. The jetty locks of one Oscar Pfeiffer, who died in Vienna eight years ago, were changed to pure white through fright at falling into a deep well. Doctor Berkeley tells of a woman, a witness in the celebrated trial of Lavent, whose hair blanched to pure white in a single night.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Our Young Folks.

THE YOUNG CONSPIRATORS.

BY L. B. G.

"I SAY, Bobby, she's grown-up!" exclaimed Reggie Denning, as he ran up to the gate on which his great friend Bobby Bell had been sitting for nearly an hour.

"Grown-up!" repeated Bobby; "you said she was a little girl."

"I thought she was," panted Reggie. "I thought she was smaller than me, and would carry the bottle when we go fishing, and fetch our things, and—all that; and now she's big—ever so big; and old—quite twenty."

"You told me she was little," repeated Bobby reproachfully. He was three years older than Reggie, and liked to lecture him when he was tired of teaching him fresh mischief.

"Of course I did. Mother called her 'Cousin Dolly' in her letter, and said she'd come and stay and play with me in the holidays. I've got mother's letter, so you can see." And he pulled it from his pocket and began to spell out the words.

"That doesn't say she's little," protested Bobby. "It's too bad of you to play a trick like that. She's sure to be horrid, and particular——"

"Yes, she's awful horrid," declared Reggie with emphasis.

"What did she say?" demanded Bobby.

"She didn't say anything, 'cause I was behind a tree, and when I saw she was big, and dark, and old, I ran straight back to tell you. She looks awful cross."

Bobby was silent for quite a minute, then he broke out again.

"I'd like to drive her away and bolt the gate. It's a shame, coming here to spoil the holidays. She'll be keeping you strict all day long."

Reggie's face grew very hot and angry at the thought of the disagreeable things Cousin Dolly would make him do.

"I'd like to fight her," he exclaimed. "I'd like to hit her, and make her want to go away."

Then both boys were silent for some time; but while Reggie thought over his troubles, Bobby plotted fresh mischief to pay out "Cousin Dolly" and make her want to go away.

Before half an hour had passed Bobby and Reggie had made their plans, and a network of strings was laid among the grass beside the ditch by the rabbit hutch, as a very good beginning.

"I hope it won't quite kill her," said Reggie solemnly.

"No; I expect it will only break her leg," replied Bobby cheerfully.

Reggie did not see much of Cousin Dolly that evening, for she was tired after her long journey.

He shook hands with her in a surly fashion, and looked very sullen as he answered her questions. But when she said "Good-night," he hesitated for a moment, and then he said—

"I've got some splendid rabbits down the garden; you'd better go and see them to night."

Cousin Dolly thanked him, and said she would try.

But when Reggie had been in bed a little while, he found himself thinking a great deal about Cousin Dolly, and it kept him awake; and he wondered if she would really go to the rabbits, and what would happen.

Then as the evening grew darker he began to feel sorry for what he had done. Cousin Dolly was horrid and grown-up, it was true, but it would be terrible if she were to fall into the ditch and die.

Then he would have killed her, for he told her to go. Then he thought of what his father and mother would say; and of Cousin Dolly's father and mother, and the grief they would feel; and his heart thumped hard against his ribs.

Reggie lay very still and listened for Cousin Dolly's footsteps, but he could not hear them. And the night grew still darker, and he thought to himself, "Perhaps she is there now, lying in the ditch. Oh, what can I do?" And he crept from his bed to the door and listened again, wondering if anyone had missed her and would go to look for her.

At last, when he had crouched there for nearly an hour, his little face white with terror, Reggie heard Cousin Dolly's voice speaking to nurse, as she came upstairs to bed; and in spite of his anger against her, he would have liked to run out and kiss her, he felt so glad that she was safe. But instead of doing that, he crept back to bed, and lay wondering what he had better do to save her if she should go in the morning.

At last he made up his mind to do what seemed a terribly hard thing: he would creep downstairs, and out into the dark night, and bring away those dreadful strings from beside the ditch; and if Bobby called him a coward, why, he must fight Bobby, that was all; but he couldn't let Cousin Dolly be killed.

So again Reggie slid out of bed. But when he opened his door he found that all the house was dark, for everyone had gone to bed, and the blackness seemed very terrible. He tried to be brave, and with trembling legs he crept down quickly to the big door, and turned the handle. But then—poor Reggie!—he found the door was locked.

His heart thumped quick and loud, so loud that he thought the sound of it would awaken everyone; but though he tried, and tried again, he could not open the door, and, scared and in great grief, he crept quickly up to bed again.

"I will stay awake until the morning," he thought; "and then I will go out as soon as the door is open."

But the next thing Reggie knew was that the sun was shining brightly in at his window, and Cousin Dolly was standing by his bed.

"Lazy Reggie!" she laughed. "I have been up an hour, and have been to see your rabbits. And look at this," she said, holding out her skirt; "I fell into a ditch and tore my frock."

It was a pretty pink frock, and Reggie thought it a great pity that it was torn; but he could not help looking happy, for he was so glad that Cousin Dolly was not killed.

And then, in his relief, Reggie forgot that Cousin Dolly was horrid, and he forgot what he had called her and his wish to drive her away, for she talked and laughed so heartily that it was just as good as talking and laughing with Bobby.

That morning Cousin Dolly went fishing with Reggie down at the pools, and although she was grown up she was quite ready to carry the bottle and the net; and Reggie, being really a little gentleman in spite of his mischief, found that it was rather pleasant to fetch and carry for Cousin Dolly.

Great was Bobby's surprise when, after a long search, he found Reggie and the "horrid" cousin at the pools—and such good friends, too.

He stared at Reggie, as if to ask him how it happened; and then Reggie remembered again all he had said yesterday, and the trap he had laid; and he became very grave and very much ashamed.

The thought of those strings in the ditch spoilt the rest of Reggie's day, and when he went to bed that night he lay awake again, thinking this time of how he could ever be brave enough to tell Cousin Dolly all about it, and of what he should do to show her he was sorry.

At last a bright thought struck him, and opening his door, he ran softly down to the schoolroom and rummaged about in the cupboard until he had found what he called his "punishment book," which he carried back with him to his bed.

* * * * * *

On the next afternoon, when Cousin Dolly was sitting in the morning room mending her pretty pink frock, and wondering why nothing would make Reggie come out to play, the door opened, and Reggie herself stood before her, his "punishment book" in hand.

"Cousin Dolly," said Reggie shyly.

"Well, dear?" she replied, looking up from her work.

"Will you hear me say 'A Captain Forth to Battle Went?'"

"Of course I will; but why do you want to say it now?"

Reggie grew very red, but had no answer ready.

"When did you learn it?" asked Cousin Dolly.

"This morning," stammered Reggie.

"Is it a holiday task, dear?"

"No," faltered Reggie; "I'll tell you about it after."

So with his hands behind his back, Reggie stood before Cousin Dolly and repeated the verses which he had spent the whole bright morning in learning; and when it was done he told her that it was a punishment, and he confessed the wicked plan he had made to get rid of her. Only Bobby's share in the mischief he kept to himself.

When he had finished he looked up to see if Cousin Dolly were very angry; but she only looked grave.

"Do you still want to get rid of me?" she asked Reggie, as she took his hot little face between her hands.

"No, no," cried Reggie. "I want you to stay always."

Cousin Dolly jumped up, laughing.

"Then put away the old 'punishment book' and let us come out to play," she cried. "I'm not half so terrible as I look."

HOLES THAT HAVE A HISTORY.—How many people have ever troubled themselves as to the way the holes in Swiss cheese, vermicelli or macaroni get there? Yet the explanations are certainly both curious and interesting.

During the process of manufacture the cheese is stabbed or pricked with needles in order to allow the escape of the air in the cheese, and to facilitate its cure.

The holes increase in size as the cheese goes on drying, until they become of considerable size. The grease with which the hole is larded is not found in the imitation Swiss cheese, for the real article cannot be imitated in this particular respect.

Both vermicelli and macaroni are made from the same kind of dough, which is kneaded for a great length of time in order to make it as compact as possible.

It is then put into a copper cylinder placed vertically upon a round frame with a hole in the centre underneath the receptacle. Above this cylinder is a strong screw.

A tight-fitting piston is then put on top of the cylinder. The screw is run down upon the piston, and men take hold of three long levers attached to the top of the screw, and walk round slowly, thus forcing the piston down upon the dough.

Slender streams of dough soon shoot down underneath the cylinder, through small perforations in the bottom. As they reach the length of two or more feet, they are cut off by a man, who hangs them over a wooden frame and carries them away to dry on frames for eight days, when they are ready for use. The big holes in the cylinder make macaroni, and the small holes vermicelli.

Depending from each of these holes is a wire of a small size for vermicelli and larger for macaroni. As the dough is being forced towards the bottom of the receptacle, it passes over and round these wires, thus making the mysterious holes.

WHY "TUMBLERS?"—How many times a day do we use a word without stopping to think what it means? Every day we drink out of a tumbler, but few stop to think why the large glass that holds our water or other liquid is so called.

Years ago, Professor Max Muller was giving a luncheon at All Souls' College, Oxford, to the Princess Alice, the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt and the second daughter of the Queen.

There were not a dozen guests present, and conversation took a lively turn. But what excited the curiosity of all the strangers present was a set of little round bowls of silver, about the size of a large orange.

These "tumblers," as they were called, were brought round filled to the brim with the famous ale brewed in the college. When one of these little bowls was empty it was placed upon the table mouth downwards. Instantly, so perfect was its balance, it flew back into its proper position, as if asking to be filled again.

No matter how it was treated—trundled along the floors, balanced carefully on its side, dropped suddenly upon the soft, thick carpet—up it rolled again and settled itself with a few gentle shakings and swayings into its place, like one of those indiarubber tumbling dolls which babies delight in.

This, then, was the origin of our word "tumbler." These vessels were at first made of silver, as are all those All Souls' tumblers, but when glass became common, the round glasses that stood on a flat base superseded the well-balanced silver spheres and, at the same time, stole their names.

FROM FEAR OF POISON.—Dishes brought to table were not originally covered for the purpose of keeping the food warm. In Medieval days people were afraid that poison might be introduced into food between the kitchen and the table.

Hence the cook was ordered to cover the dishes, and the covers were not removed until the master of the house sat down to eat. The wholesomeness of the food was first tested by the servants, who were required to taste it before it was served, and if they came safely through the trial the food was all right.

Later on, instead of the food being tasted it was touched by certain objects which were supposed to be infallible antidotes against poison. The most powerful of these were, among several others, a serpent's tongue, the fabulous stone found in the head of the toad, and the agate.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Nearly $1,500,000 worth of articles are pawned in London weekly.

Perfumes were introduced into England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

It is said that in Paris there are some 80,000 dogs, or one for thirty inhabitants.

According to French law, a doctor has first claim on the estate of a deceased patient.

The trolley car is to be tried in the Maine lumber regions to haul logs to the main rivers.

Scales for weighing diamonds are so accurately poised that an eyelash will turn the balance.

To attack a man with any weapon is a serious crime in Madagascar. It is punishable by death.

A custom of Puritan times has been revived in Machias, Me., in the opening of the town meeting with prayer.

A horse will eat in a year nine times his own weight, a cow nine times, an ox six times, and a sheep six times.

The "five nations of Europe" own 2,310 warships, mounting 28,239 guns, all ready for "immediate service."

The river Jordon makes the greatest descent in the shortest distance of any stream. During its course of 120 miles it has 27 falls and descends 3,000 feet.

The Supreme Court of New York has decided that a surgeon making an autopsy without the permission of the relatives of the deceased is liable to be sued for damages.

The cross mark, still used occasionally instead of a signature, did not originate in ignorance. It was always appended to signatures in mediæval times as an attestation of good faith.

It is said that the Japanese have no curses in their language. Their severest epithet is the word "fellow," and the term of strongest condemnation is found in the words, "There, there!"

A dance alphabet has recently been invented by a well known professor of that art. It consists of minute figures which represent every conceivable position the human legs can assume.

The "life tree" of Jamaica is harder to kill than any other species of woody growth known to arboriculturists. It continues to grow and thrive for months after it has been uprooted and exposed to the sun.

The latest trick of the Parisian restaurant keepers is to mingle a little honey with their butter; consequently patrons of the best places find a soft sweet taste in that commodity which is said to render it palatable.

Only one railway passenger among 27,000,000 is annually killed in England; in France it is one in 19,000,000; in Germany, one in 10,000,000; Italy, one in 8,000,000; America, one in 2,000,000 to 3,000,000, and Russia, one in [illegible]

In the manufacture of knives the division of labor has been carried to such an extent that one knife is handled by 70 different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and ready for the market.

The fondness of the camel for music is a well attested fact, and when the Arabs wish to get extra work out of these animals they play bright and cheerful airs upon some favorite instrument. Blows are of no avail, but music spurs the animal into exertion.

Frog hunting is now prohibited by law in Belgium. The Belgian hunters, however, continue their amphibious occupation in Holland, and from Sas van Gent have recently sent to one half day as many as [illegible] frogs' legs on ice to Paris. These delicacies fetch between from five to eight cents apiece, and some of the hunters find the calling very remunerative.

It is a subject of newspaper comment in Southern California that cents are beginning to be used there in the stores and in commercial transactions generally. It is only a few years since any coin smaller than a nickel was a great rarity anywhere west of the Missouri. If the price of anything figured out two cents the odd cents were deducted, if three or four cents, the purchaser paid a nickel.

The throne-room of the Sultan, at Constantinople, is a gorgeous sight. The gilding is unequalled by any other building in Europe, and from the ceiling hangs a superb Venetian chandelier, the 200 lights of which make a glare like that of a noonday sun. At each of the four corners of the room, tall candelabra in Bacarrat glass are placed, and the throne is a huge seat covered with red velvet, and having arms and back of pure gold.

Hyde Park, the most distinctive of London parks, covers nearly 400 acres. The Paris Bois de Boulogne covers 2,350 acres. Central Park, the most distinctive of New York parks, covers 840 acres. Collectively—and including those parks in the suburbs—there are in London 22,000 acres of park land. Including as parks the neighboring forests of Fontainebleau, with 42,000 acres, and St. Germain with 8,000, the park acreage of Paris is 171,000 acres.

LOVE NEVER DIES!

BY LOUISE MALOON BURTON.

Ah! Love never dies!
He soars to the skies
In radiance rich and rare.
Enthroned in bright light;
In raiment snow white,
He flings to the winds dull Care!

Then let Hope inspire
My long'ation lyre,
With strains of seraphic joy;
Let Love's billows roll
Swift o'er my sad soul,
And capture my heart so coy.

OWED TO ALCHEMY.

After having reviewed the history of alchemy and its attending fallacies, says a writer in the "Popular Science News," I now cite a few methods which were employed in the production of the miraculous stone to show how the fruitless attempts to produce it have resulted in great discoveries.

The swindling was carried on in various ways; at the experimental trials, charcoal were employed in the furnaces, in whose interior gold was hidden, or the furnace had a double bottom, and the space between was filled up with gold, the top being pierced during the operation. Celebrated is the nail of Thurneyssen, which was still shown as a curiosity at Florence during the last century. Its head was made of iron and its tip of gold.

This nail was constructed in the presence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Thurneyssen dipped an iron nail into hot oil, upon which the nail proved to be gold up to where it was dipped. Only later it was discovered that the gold tip was soldered on, and that the adept had probably painted it with an iron color, which was detached by the plunge into the hot oil.

But not only the power to change base metals into precious ones was ascribed to the Philosopher's Stone, but later it was claimed that it would increase the combined weight of the transmuted metals.

Finally, the Philosopher's Stone also became known for its pretended remedial effects, in which connection it was sometimes called the "Great Panacea." Artepulus, a Latin alchemist of the twelfth century, claimed that he would reach an age of 1,000 years as a consequence of having possessed the Philosopher's Stone.

Beginning as early as the twelfth century, there was ascribed to the Philosopher's Stone morally influencing properties. Also intellect and wisdom were warranted for by its possession, and it changed sorrows into joys.

Among the substances where the Materia Prima was looked for were quicksilver, the earth, water, air, and in the various chemicals, etc. All available minerals, plants and animal matters were tried.

The discovery of phosphorus by Brandt, in the year 1669, points to the peculiar materials used in searching for the philosopher's stone. Among the numerous raw stuffs, in which the Materia Prima was suspected was coal tar, a material which has really served during the last few decades as an effective Materia Prima for hundreds of millions of gold, which have been won from it in the form of artificial dye stuffs, etc. Also the medical idea finds its philosopher's stone in antipyrine, antipyrine, etc., obtained from the same coal tar.

The most learned of all alchemists was Geber; his views regarding the composition of metals being composed of "Mercurious (mercury) and sulphur" were the first successful attacks on the four elements of Aristotle. He was the first to distinguish between pure metals and alloys.

He further describes for the first time the manufacture of sulphuric and nitric acids, and was the first who taught how a chemical salt could be produced artificially. Considering the epoch, these discoveries can proudly stand side by side with those of our day. Special credit should also be given him for the perfection of chemical operations, such as filtration, distillation, sublimation and crystallization. The successors of Geber in the western part of the continent, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon and others, advanced more in the knowledge of metals and their salts, introducing antimony and quicksilver combinations into medicine.

To the two elements of Geber a third "salt" was added, and these three elements stood as authoritative with chemists, against the elements of Aristotle, for several centuries. Later on Becker advanced his theory of elements, and explained his conceptions and definitions of elementary bodies, which were in perfect harmony with our modern views.

In a similar manner it may be traced how the Phlogiston theory of Stahl was based on that of Becker, therefore indirectly on the alchemical views, versus those of Aristotle, and how later in the combat against the Phlogiston theory Lavoisier founded the law of the indestructibility of matter, and on this modern chemistry was based.

But finally, we must not undervalue the discoveries of the later alchemists; for example: spirits of wine, ether, gun-powder and porcelain. The discoverer of the latter, Bottticher, was also one of those alchemists, who were imprisoned after they had been highly honored, (having been ennobled by August II.) sometimes as a punishment, sometimes for fear that they might communicate their secret to others and injure their country.

While he was continuing his experiments during his captivity, he discovered porcelain, and this not alone procured his liberty, but he was also appointed director of the first royal Saxonian porcelain manufacturing establishment at Meissen.

Although the endeavors of the alchemists to transmute metals have been fruitless, and as they viewed the problem, had to be fruitless, the idea of changing one metal into another, in accordance with our latest investigations, cannot in itself, be looked upon now as an absurdity.

Yet, may this be as it is, in viewing the history of the Philosopher's Stone, there is one thing we learn, even from those who have spent their entire life chasing, as it were, a phantom. Those who have striven and labored faithfully and conscientiously have not worked in vain, and the name of Geber, the Arabian, who, with real modesty and simplicity, wrote down his great discoveries made during his search for the Philosopher's Stone, has become immortal. He simply sought the truth, and even though he did not find that for which he searched, he promoted science in an eminent way, because he labored faithfully and conscientiously for its improvement.

Grains of Gold.

Vanity is the quicksand of reason.

If the heart is wrong, how can the life be right?

There can be no joy to-day while we are worrying about to-morrow.

Folly is a bad quality, but never to endure it in others is a greater folly.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

More than one man who can see the mistakes of Moses, is stone blind to his own.

There is probably nothing else that we can get so much of for nothing as advice.

The liberal man will seldom cherish sorrow, but the base are uneasy even under benefits.

The more zealous we are of good works, the more we are in danger of wrongly judging other people.

Nothing is more dangerous that a friend without discretion; even a prudent enemy is preferable.

Out of one hundred men you run against, you will find ninety-five worrying themselves into low spirits and indigestion about troubles that will never come.

Femininities.

Kissing a woman's lips is a gross insult in Finland.

No tears are shed when the man dies who has lived only for himself.

There are two large violet farms in the United States and managed entirely by women.

Mme. Carnot frequently spends long hours in prayers before the tomb of her late husband in the Pantheon.

A marriage engagement should be as short as possible; the man doesn't have so much to take back after they are married.

The Empress of Russia is nearly two inches taller than her husband and has just the kind of a figure to "carry off" a $200,000 coronation robe.

Don't go into ecstasies, my son, over a young woman who "has a secret charm about her." She won't keep it any more than any other secret.

A Sioux City pastor says he has lost faith in the efficacy of prayer because his own henroost was robbed the other night while he was attending a prayer meeting.

The two sides of the human face are never alike. In two cases out of five the eyes are out of line, one eye stronger than the other, or the right ear higher than the left.

Widows' caps are as old as the days of Julius Cæsar. An edict of Tiberius commanded all widows to wear one under the penalty of a heavy fine and imprisonment.

A turban has been proved by actual practice to be the best possible head covering in hot countries. It is light, and while it excludes the direct rays of the sun, permits a free passage of air.

Admiral Dot, the well-known dwarf, who has exhibited himself all over the world, now runs a hotel at White Plains, N. Y. Major Atom, also in the same category, is the admiral's night clerk.

Two United States prisoners were put in the Norton county, Kan., jail last week. Within three hours they had taken the prison clock apart and made saws of the springs and were working their way through the steel bars when the Sheriff dropped in on them.

A cruel custom prevails on the death of a prince of the royal family of Austria. His horse, covered with a black cloth, follows the funeral, limping painfully. The lameness is caused by driving a nail through one shoe, and is intended to typify the animal's sorrow.

"Your verses are very good, miss," said the editor in his kindest manner, but we cannot possibly use them. Our columns are too crowded." "Can't you have out some of that stuff you publish under the head of 'wanted?'" suggested the poetess. "It is very uninteresting."

Lady, to impecunious workman she is employing for sweet charity's sake: "I hope you will come early to-morrow and finish this job promptly." Public-spirited one: "Really, mum, that would be impossible. I should like to oblige yo, but to-morrow I walks with the unemployed."

A man named Finkelstein, who was being married to a pretty girl in New York, sneezed just as the Alderman pronounced them husband and wife, with the result that a part of his false nose flew off. A rival had sprinkled snuff in the vicinity. A suit for annulment of the marriage is now in progress.

It is often supposed that boys in growing keep ahead of girls; but recent measurements disprove this. The boys whose growth was recorded, up to their eleventh year, were found to run about a quarter to half an inch taller than the girls. They were then overtaken by the girls, who surpassed them in height till their sixteenth year, when the boys again grew faster than the girls, and came to the front.

A new feminine employment, which requires skill and cleverness rather than means, is the dressing of fashion dolls for shop windows. A woman with real taste can thus find scope for her talent in designing pretty costumes for little figures, which must be just as elegant in every detail as the full-sized ones. The models are about fifteen inches high, and accurately represent the latest fashions.

A physiologist has tried the effect of tea on the process of digestion by means of an artificial digestive fluid. His results bear out the accepted doctrine that tea, like coffee, retards digestion. The tannin, or tanning principle of the tea, is chiefly instrumental in hampering the digestion, and hence people with weak digestions should not drink brown or strong tea, that is, tea which has been allowed to infuse for any time and thus draw out the tannin of the leaves.

Some curious facts about the distribution of New York's excess of women appear in the census returns. New York City has 20,000 of them; Brooklyn, 17,000; Albany, 5,500; Troy, 5,000; Utica, 3,000; Rochester, 4,000; Syracuse, 1,100. They are all, practically, in the larger cities of the State, the one exception being Buffalo, which has 4,000 more men than women. The excess of women in New York City is comparatively small. The city has 45 women to every 44 men, while Brooklyn has 26 women to every 25 men, and Troy 11 women to every 10 men.

Masculinities.

Each British soldier costs his country $320 every year.

The custom of hand-shaking dates back to the time of Henry II.

The politician takes no count of the seasons. In his estimation plums are always ripe.

"The coming woman doesn't seem to arrive," said Binks. "No," said Tubley. "She's probably putting on her hat."

Julia Henry, a nine-year-old child, of Brooklyn, N. Y., jumped with a skipping rope for two hours and died the next night.

Three women, next-door neighbors, in Orneville, Mo., are the mothers of an aggregation of 36 children, all living at home.

A Clay county, Mo., man beat his mule and was fined $25 and costs. Another brute in the same county beat his wife and was fined $5.

The next London show sensation is to be the entombment of a man for six days under six feet of earth. They expect to dig him up alive.

Stern father of the girl: I saw you kiss my daughter as I passed the parlor, awhile ago, and I want you to know I don't like it. Young man: You may not, but I do!

An eminent medical authority declares that the people least liable to take colds are those who keep their mouths closed, unless when they are talking, eating, or drinking.

Philosopher: You have devoted your whole life to the cause of labor, I understand. Now just tell me of one good thing you have accomplished? Agitator: Well, I've made a good living.

Lewiston, Me., has a woman cobbler who is doing a flourishing business. She learned her trade in Canada, and works thriftily at her cobbler's bench in the window of her little store.

Lord Rosebery is considered one of the handsomest men in England. "You can not make a caricature of Rosebery," remarked an English cartoonist recently. "His features are too regular."

Three-tenths of the earnings of a Belgian convict are given to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Some of them thus save more money in jail than they have ever saved before.

A physician asserts that fat people endure most kinds of illness better than thin people, because they have an extra amount of nutriment stored away in their tissues to support them during the ordeal.

A rich old Viennese bachelor, who recently died was a confirmed misogynist. In his will he directed his executors to bury him where no woman could be interred near him, and if necessary to purchase two extra graves, one on each side of his own, and leave them empty, so that even in death he could escape proximity to the other sex.

A medical journal says that in the continued use of the eyes, in such work as sewing, typesetting, bookkeeping, reading and studying, the saving point is in breaking off work at short intervals and looking round the room. This may be practised every ten or fifteen minutes. By doing this the muscular tension is relieved, the eyes are rested and the blood supply becomes better.

A contrivance has recently been invented which makes it safe for a woman to carry her purse in her hand, as pretty nearly every woman does. To one end of the purse is attached a ring, which is slipped over the middle finger, and to the other a sort of bracelet, which fastens securely around the wrist. With the purse thus anchored to the person a thief cannot very well get away with it, unless he takes the lady too.

Palmyra, Me., has a unique woman's club, called the "Merry-Go Rounds." The members meet every Wednesday at the homes of the different members in turn, and spend several hours helping the hostess patch the boys' trousers, mend wrecked stockings, and take other needed stitches as she needs of the household require, finishing up, after a picnic supper, with a social and literary entertainment, to which the husbands are invited.

A Saco, Me., girl has a pet pig which she leads about the streets of that town as other girls sometimes lead a poodle. The pig is young, and pretty as pigs go, and wears a broad bow of scarlet ribbon about its neck. It gambles along contentedly as a poodle would, except when its mistress' walks take it past an inviting puddle, when there is usually a sharp and noisy struggle for a minute or two before the porker can be persuaded to pursue its promenade.

The Russian woman of fashion, according to Lord Augustus Loftus, rises late and does not appear before two or three o'clock. If it be sunny and not too cold, she will drive for an hour, returning to find her salon lighted, and there she will receive her visitors, whom she regales with tea. If going to the opera, she dines early, and returns about ten o'clock, when she rests until it is time to appear at the ball at midnight, whence she does not return until three or so in the morning. Suppers at St. Petersburg are very fashionable, and continue until nearly dawn.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Batiste is beyond doubt the pet material of the season. It is made up in an entire gown, or is used as a trimming on a gown of silk, but the typical summer gown is made over a lining of silk. This is a splendid opportunity for one to use the soiled or worn silk gown, provided it has a bright, pretty color. This material is shown in a variety of weaves, plain or interlined with narrow open-work lines showing the color of the silk through. The all-over openwork batiste is altogether too expensive to use much of, and is seldom seen save as a yoke or some other decoration.

A fetching summer frock of this sort of stuff is made of the open-work lined sort over a groundwork of leaf green taffeta. The skirt is extremely plain, but wide and full. The bodice is laid smoothly over the shoulder, but gathered softly into the belt, around which was crushed a narrow twist of leaf green velvet, finished at the back with "donkey ear" ends. A deep crushed stock is made with a sharp point at the front; also of leaf green velvet, with tiny points of embroidered batiste at either side. The sleeves are in the leg-o'-mutton style, with but little fulness at the top, and finished with a point of the embroidered batiste at the hand.

Gauze, fragile looking as mist, is used to veil satins for evening costumes. I saw an exceedingly effective pink gauze evening gown. The thin, flimsy fabric was inwrought with a vine of black velvet morning glories that formed the border of the skirt, and was artistically reproduced at the belt line and on the decollete bodice. A bunch of black ostrich tips on the left shoulder was the simple but sufficient adornment of the corsage.

The popularity of ribbon has brought about the revival of the sash. The summer girl will wear sashes on as many occasions as possible. It is hinted that even the new woman will look upon the sash with favor. The sash of the coming Summer is not like the one worn a few years ago. In place of the long loops the ribbon is tied in a pert butterfly bow. It stands up instead of drooping down. The ends, however, are equally long. They reach close to the bottom of the skirt. The front of the new sash is shaped like a girdle, giving the waist a more slender appearance than if the ribbon was merely wound about it.

French cashmere, soft as silk and lending itself to most graceful, classic lines, is much favored for tea gowns and all kinds of dressy house toilets. Fayetta and silk-warp Henrietta cloths are likewise favored, and the garnitures are guipure and Renaissance laces, narrow galloons, satin ribbons and swansdown.

Grenadines are to be very much worn this summer, and are shown in a large variety of styles and coloring. There is the open mesh grenadine in two-toned colorings, which is very effective, and is displayed in gray and brown, blue and green, cadet and brown, and navy blue and brown. Also those with light chiffon gauze grounds, and small chinelle stripes, having the two-toned colorings in the stripes upon dark transparent grounds. And the grenadine ground with small wool stripes, the background being burnished with silk in navy blue, salmon, browns and greens, with the stripes all black. Some have the grenadine ground with chinelle striped figures, which give the effect of velvet upon gauze, being in olive and brown and blue.

A new fabric, known as mosaic dentelle, which may be described as a brocade on a lace ground that produces an effect somewhat similar to the grenadine, is a charming material. The eccentricity of deeply rich color is the charm of this positive novelty, as the weavings are not pronounced and figures do not appear. We find them with the brocade on netting in green on blue, brown on blue, and gray on tan. Also, similar in general design and same colorings as the foregoing, with small figures, a burnished effect being produced by an increased quantity of silk thrown upon the surface. Then there are those in black wool with silver silk, and those of the same weave at first described, in solid colors of navy blue, olive and brown.

Another new fabric is the etamine, which is a canvassy sort of material, with open mesh, not unlike grenadine, and is shown in solid colors, silk striped, silk rays and magpie, all of which are beautiful materials and make ravissante gowns.

The pretty tailor cheviots are, as the name implies, the correct fabric for the tailor-made gown, which grows more and more popular each year.

In black goods you have a great variety to select from, as all the latest stuffs are reproduced in black. You will find brocades, etamines, grenadines, tamartines, chiffons, mohairs, mozambiques and alpacas, along with the staple serges, Henriettas, cheviots, etc.

If you wander into the cotton goods departments you will see the daintiest, airiest materials your heart can possibly desire, and can make your selections from the organdies, dimities, nainsook rayes, mousseline rayes, batiste jaconnes, batiste nelgeuse, batiste trianon, dotted swiss, figured piques, bordered piques, English lappets, ginghams, fancy loops or printed plumetis.

Linens will play one of the most prominent parts in the fashions for women's wear during the summer, and our stores have them from the simple plain linen and grass cloth to the most elaborate combinations, which show designs wrought in silk. The Valenciennes striped linens are new and stylish, with the lace effects produced both in white and ecru and red and blue. The Roman striped linens are shown in stripes of soft tones of pink, buff, blue and green, with distinctive lines of black and white. The silk striped linens have a broad silken band in colors of orchid pink, oiel and olive on a lace linen ground. Then there are the plain ones, Dresden figured, one-mesh plaid and serpentine brocade linens, all of which are so lovely and tempting that one finds it difficult to make a selection.

Odds and Ends.

HOME MILLINERY.—(CONCLUDED)

Piece velvet for making bows and ends, rouleaux and folds, is purchased on the cross. I think, perhaps that next to putting in a head lining, or the lining of a brim, the hemming of velvet is the most difficult thing to do. The needle must be very fine, and so must the cotton or silk, and the stitches must on no account be taken through to the right side; and, I think, if you be wise, you will practice first on some velvet that has been already in use. The easiest way is to turn the edge down once, and herring-bone the raw edge, taking one stitch through the velvet, and the other through the turned down part. Do not hurry over your work, for it needs both patience and attention. When the velvet is hemmed, and you want to make it into bows, sew each loop firmly, and do not twist the material more than you can help, as the bow will be too thick. The ends are now generally made into "donkey ears," by turning the bias end of the velvet over to the straight side, and turning in the edges, very neatly, so that you may slip stitch them together. The stitches must be invisible, of course. For making up bows, and keeping them upright you can have the assistance of the millinery stiffeners, and wire ribbons.

Just at present the rage seems to be for satin ribbon, and in making-up bows of ribbon, you will find that you must be a spendthrift, not a miser, in its use. A yard goes no distance where a bow is concerned, and a handsome hat-bow will probably take nearly three. A good milliner makes up her bows without cutting the ribbon, or, indeed, without sewing at all, in order to keep it firm. She uses a long piece of coarse cotton, which she winds round the loops and bows, so as to keep them close and firm. But the present style of hat-bows, as well as those for bonnets, can be made without even this assistance, if you hold them firmly, and tie the final loop over with a strong knot.

I must now deal with the subject of renovation and this is where I should advise the "home-milliner" to begin her career, because here she can gain experience, and make losses, and if she do spoil her first attempts, she need not worry herself with self-reproaches that she has wasted any portion of her small store. The first thing to be done with an old hat, or an old bonnet, is to pick them entirely to pieces, and never to feel discouraged at the sight of them, however faded or depressed they may appear. Brush everything carefully, the hat included; and if it be of straw, look it over carefully, and make your mind up about the shape, and if it be of a sufficiently modern fashion to be worth retaining. Because all kinds of straw hats are now so cheap, that it is sometimes wiser to get a new hat for the old trimming if it be good, than to feel vexed if we look less well than our neighbors. If you make up your mind to retain the hat, and it be a black one, you will find almost any of the shoe glosses, or polishes, or even, I am told, "Berlin black" will freshen it up, and give it all the appearance of youth. If it require new wire at the edge, try to put it on exactly like the old one.

With a white straw hat, I always feel that I have heavy odds against me. But there is nothing like trying, and if it be very dirty, give it a good washing with warm soap and water, and brush with a nail brush till quite clean. But before you commence this, you must take off the wire at the edge of course. Dry it after its bath, and see how it looks, and if it need stiffening, make a thin solution of gum arabic and water, and wash it over. Then dry it, and put on the wire at the edge again, and bend it into shape, to suit the most recent ideas.

Now, please, bear in mind that while I wish to show you how to make the best of your old trimming, I must warn you that faded and rusty feathers, or feather trimming, dirty flowers, and dirty ribbons must not be considered fit for use. Feathers can, it is true, be refreshened up and recurled by the aid of a pen-knife and a little patience; but if in the least rusty or faded, they must be sent off to be re-dyed, and feather trimming ruches, unless they can be freshened by the dyer, must not be used at all. Last year's ribbons may usually be refreshed sufficiently so, by dipping them in weak ammonia and water, and pressing, while damp, between the leaves of some blotting paper; or they may, while wet, be plastered on the back of any door, which presents a clean enough surface; if you press and plaster them down well, while wet, they will stick on till dry, and come off quite as smooth and far stiffer than if they were ironed. This is especially the case with satin ribbons. Old velvet can be restored to new beauty with a little fresh butter, or still better, a piece or two of bacon rind, which you use by passing it very tightly over the surface of the velvet. You will be surprised to see how beautifully the shabby black velvet will be restored to brightness by a little of this treatment.

The following detailed recipe I quote from a well-known source:

"To clean, freshen and do up plush and velveteen trimmings. According to their condition the above should be well dipped successively in either two or three baths of benzine, weakened by adding a little water. After this they should be dried thoroughly, but not too quickly, and the pile must be brushed quickly the right way. Before you attempt brushing the pile, however, you must prepare the fabric to bear that treatment. This is done as follows: Make a strong solution of gum arabic in warm water, and when you take the velveteen or plush out of the last benzine bath and have dried it, brush the back all over with gum solution. This will prevent the pile from being pulled out by the brush, and will also stiffen and restore substance to the fabric. As soon as the gum is dry turn the plush, etc., upon the right side, and brush it with judgment smartly so as to make it stand upright in the proper direction. Unless you apply the gum water you cannot brush it without pulling out the pile and ruining the whole. You must be careful to observe the right direction for the pile to lie in. These directions are particularly useful for the renovation of the cheap half-cotton plushes and velveteens or even velvet pile and velvet."

Another method which may be tried to advantage when the velvet or velveteen is very greasy, is to heat some sand very hot—the ordinary white house sand will answer—and sprinkle it over the solid surface, rubbing it lightly in with a brush. You will be surprised what a difference you will make in the material, and how much it will be improved.

Now that ruches are so much worn, it will, perhaps, be well to give a few instructions on the subject of making them. They are generally made in treble box pleats, that is three pleats one on the other, a set facing each way, then they are held with a firm stitch or two in the centre. A ruche for the neck, if of a thick material like satin ribbon, will need at least three and three quarters yards of material in length to make a full ruche. Chiffon is doubled three or even four times, and it is thus more of an economy to buy the chiffon in the piece, double-width; one yard of this will make a ruche. You will not wonder that the made-up ruches are expensive, when you know how much material they take to make them, and also that it requires a somewhat skilled hand to make them up.

There are some very bad faults in bonnets and hats, and of these I must mention two or three. The first is to put on too much trimming, especially if you are a small person, because it gives you a top-heavy appearance. An almost worse error is to tint the decorations, and try to make two roses or half-a-dozen violets do the work of two dozen, or one yard of narrow ribbon do the work of a yard and a half of wide. Fancy-headed pins, brooches, and buckles are, all of them, great helps to the home-milliner, and relieve a bonnet or hat of the home-made look. Hats should be tried on before purchasing, to see that they fit comfortably, not on the head, but on the usual style of hair dressing which you adopt. Always take a side view in trying on a new bonnet for while the front may be all right, the profile reveals a different effect. The same is the case with bonnets, and here care should be taken to avoid buying one too long in the head—I mean from front to back. This is a very bad fault, and it is the cause of the bonnets lifting up in the front when the strings are tied, which you cannot cure, unless you pull the whole bonnet to pieces. The only way to avoid it is to take out the head-lining partially, and try to get at the wire foundation; sometimes you can put a tuck in that to alter the fault.

And, after all, the advice to a home-milliner may be summed up in a very few words, and it is: Be observant of all changes in style, and make up your mind finally what suits your own best, and keep to that. There is one exception to this, a change in the dressing of the hair, which may necessitate a smaller or a larger bonnet. The veil and its proper putting on, are also of importance, and fashions in veils change a little with every few months, and it is just that little which may spoil the effect of a pretty bonnet or hat. But beware of adopting ugly or remarkable styles in veils; indeed in everything you will find yourself a better-dressed woman, if you keep to a quiet, lady-like, and unobtrusive fashion.

THROUGH A DREAM.—Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, almost beggared himself before he discovered where the eye of the needle should be placed. It never occurred to him that it should be placed near the point, and he might have failed altogether had it not been for a remarkable dream.

One night he dreampt that he was making a sewing machine for a savage king in a strange country. As in his actual waking experience, he was rather perplexed about the needle's eye. He thought the king gave him twenty-five hours in which to complete a machine, and if not finished in that time death was to be the punishment.

Howe worked and worked and puzzled and puzzled, and finally gave it up. Then he thought that he was taken out to be beheaded. On his way to execution he noticed that the warriors carried spears that were pierced near the head. Instantly came the solution of the difficulty, and while the inventor was begging for time awoke.

It was then four o'clock in the morning. How jumped out of bed, ran to his workshop, and by nine a needle with an eye at the point had been rudely modelled. After that the rest was easy.

WITH CANDLE AND EYE.—When one calls for a fresh egg in a Parisian eating house the chances are that one will be properly served.

Not that there are no bad eggs in Paris as well as elsewhere, but there are certain men employed at the Central markets, or "Halles Centrales," whose only duty is to sift the bad or doubtful eggs from the good ones.

The egg sorter accomplishes his work with extraordinary dexterity. With one hand he takes three or four eggs and brings them to the exact position he wishes between his eye and the lighted candle before him as if by magic.

For an egg to be good the part that appears black must be completely detached from the part that appears white. In other words, the yolk and the albumen must, through the transparency of the shell, be seen to be quite separate. When there is confusion between the transparent and obscure part the egg is doubtful.

To sort eggs quickly requires a long experience. In addition to reporting on the freshness of the eggs, these operators in the Central Markets also examine the size of eggs.

Those that pass through a certain sized ring are put on one side as too small. As the French markets are flooded with the produce of tiny Italian chickens, it will be understood that the task is often a very long one.

Anna Heyward.

BY M. S.

A FLOOD of moonlight is pouring, like a silver stream, into the chamber where Anna Heyward lies sleeping in the cold slumber of death. Her thin hands are crossed, as if in meek resignation, and a smile, Death's beautifying gift, is playing around her pallid lips. Tears fill my eyes, and my heart's pulses throb sadly, in the solemn presence; and yet I should not weep that this sorrow-tried child of earth has passed away.

Long years ago, I knew Anna. She was then in the very meridian of hope and happiness, joyous and enthusiastic. When she was surrounded by the light-hearted, you were tempted to think that there were no deep tones to her heart; but in her quieter moments, you felt that she possessed vast capacities for suffering, which, when called forth, if she possessed not equal powers of fortitude and endurance, must overwhelm her in a sea of despair. But life still smiled kindly on Anna.

She was young, and youth has many pleasures—pleasures that only pall when Sorrow, that mighty teacher of truths, shows the utter vanity of all earthly joys. Wealth, youth, love, and friends—what more wanted Anna to make life a rich festival, a perpetual holiday of gladness and pleasure?

But few mortals go down to the grave with all the flowers fresh in life's garland. First, there drops one bud of loveliness, then another, and the few that are left seldom give forth the sweetness of other years.

First fled Anna's wealth, and with it her friends. Alas, that the friendship of the world is often but a bauble, that falls and is crushed when the golden chain that attached it to us becomes broken!

"I do not repine," said Anna, when she saw her summer-friends depart. "I shall have Love left, and—

> There is a comfort in the strength of love;
> 'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
> Would overset the brain, or break the heart."

It is this deep trust, this perfect faith, that makes woman's love so beautiful a thing, and the betrayal of it such bitter cruelty.

Poor girl! then liest before me, still and cold, with thy deep love crushed upon thy silent heart! I saw thee when that love gave light to thine eyes and gladness to thy step.

I saw thee when the first bitter agony was upon thee, that seemed crushing thy loving heart; and I was with thee when resignation had breathed upon my soul, and then at last didst recognize Heaven shining through man.

As I look at thy pale, closed lips, I can scarcely believe that those same lips uttered the words of passion and despair that I once heard issuing from them!

That fatal night the moonlight shone as brightly over the living as it now does over the dead. Anna and her lover were sitting beneath its full beams, and I heard her say, in a half smothered tone, that told too well that some fearful agony was working at her heart, "Go, then! I would not detain you. Once," and her voice grew strangely mournful, "I could not have bid you go; but I have learned in the school of Sorrow how to resign. You have sacrificed my love to your ambition; yet may the happiness that you have taken from my heart cling to yours. Go!" I waited, but heard no more. Again I listened; but all was silent as is this chamber of Death.

Some moments elapsed, when Anna entered the room in which I sat. She threw herself, in an agony of grief, on the sofa, and sob after sob burst from her full heart.

I have seen many an agonizing display of human sorrow, and heard from many a bleeding heart that prayer, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" but I have never witnessed so fearful an exhibition of despairing grief as this.

It was the cry of a heart that had bravely endured poverty and loss of friends, breaking beneath the last cruel desertion of love. Consolation was vain. Silent and awed I sat, in the presence of this mighty grief, trying to solve the question, "Why should woman ever love?" Ah, question that is a solution of itself! Why clings the vine to the oak?

All that night Anna mourned and bewailed her fate, in passionate, unresigned words. "She could not, she would not see her father's hand in this bitter dispensation. She wished to die. What cared she for life, when all its hopes had departed? She had borne her other trials; this she could not bear;" and, in a dreadful moment of desperation, she poured out a beseeching prayer for death.

"Anna, Anna!" I said, as I lifted her from the floor to which she had fallen, "you are mad or else you would not send up such a petition as that. Rather be thankful for the precious gift of life, even though sorrows cloud your hours; and pray that those sorrows may point your way to Heaven."

Night wore on. The moon faded from out the sky, and still that poor breaking heart had found no comfort, no peace, no rest. Long days of weary toil, and longer nights of sleepless woe, were hers.

She no longer uttered loud complaints, but the unbroken silence of her hours and the tears that trickled down her pale cheeks were far more eloquent than words. I marvelled to see one who had so cheerfully borne the loss of wealth sink under this trial inflicted by love.

I knew not then how madly woman's heart clings to its love, and that, compared with its precious ore, the wealth of this world seems as dross. Long weary months passed by before Anna could speak of the troubled waves of her heart; but at last the storm passed away, and she found the haven of resignation.

Soon after she accepted a situation as governess, and in her new home she found few pleasures and many trials. One evening, I was present at a party at the house in which she resided; and whilst the merry dance was in its height, we sat in a retired recess and talked.

Suddenly I felt her hand grasp mine convulsively. I looked up and saw a person standing near, whom I at once recognized as the betrayer of Anna's love. Silently she watched him from her retreat, and I saw her sink back, but recovered herself as he approached the spot where we sat. At that moment a flower that she held in her hand fell to the floor.

He stepped forward, and handed it to her, and in so doing their eyes met. "Dear Anna!" was the sudden exclamation. She strove to speak, but in vain. A look of anguish passed over her expressive face, as she put her hand to her wildly beating heart. I feared that that poor weak woman's heart would betray its silent workings. It was but a moment, and then she lifted her head proudly, and extended her hand to the new-comer. He grasped it warmly; then, suddenly releasing it, passed from her presence.

No other words were spoken during this strange, rapid meeting. It seemed but like a dream of reality, as we both sat absorbed in deep silence. It was the last time that they ever met; but the remembrance of that meeting never passed from Anna's heart; and those two little words, "dear Anna," lent to her remaining days a music that she scarcely dared avow, even to herself.

Anna remained but two years in her new home; then failing health compelled her to resign her duties. During these years, she had been gaining additional beauty of character. A faithful discharge of duty, a noble forgetfulness of self, charity to all, and a patient, hopeful spirit—these were her glorious characteristics. Truly, sorrow had ennobled and trial perfected unto loveliness her character.

Literature now became her employment, and she hoped that it should prove her maintenance. But she little knew the sorrows that this kind of life engenders, the disappointed hopes that darken the way, the cruel, heart-wounding criticisms, and the long hours of weary toil. Who would persist in a life like this, if literature were not "its own exceeding great reward?"

Day after day, she pursued her task, with a brain that never tired and a heart that never ceased hoping. The world rewarded her with a miserable pittance, and listened with a cold, unsympathising heart.

But the time was fast approaching when she was to work no more. To the last of her strength, the feeble hand held the pen, whilst it traced the glowing thoughts of her bright intellect; and when the body grew weaker, the mind, that glorious gift from the Creator, grew stronger, and the heart became purer, as it neared the fount of all purity. At last, the pen dropped from the nerveless fingers, and the glowing thoughts faded in the senseless brain. Poor Anna was at rest in heaven.

As I stand beside this sleeping form, lying calmly beneath the moonlit heaven, I cannot but remember how beautiful was her character, made perfect through suffering. She saw light after light of earthly joy go out on life's highway, wave after wave swept over her bark, yet calmly she stood, and, guiding it through the troubled waters, moored it in safety where storm can never reach it more.

A RARE BIRD.—Why don't some show monger explore the globe to find that rare animal, a consistent person? I fancy he would be more puzzled than in any search he ever made for babies with two heads, or six-legged calves, or any other twistical freak of nature.

I use the word twistical in this connection advisedly. I hate anything that twists. Some one has said—probably a person who wished to turn off with a joke a grave disregard of common honesty and honor—that to be inconsistent was only proclaiming that one was wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Perhaps an interrogation point might be fitly inserted after the word "wiser;" but, letting that pass, he whose conduct is mainly determined by the impulse of the hour, or by the remark dropped in his ear, will hardly pass muster among the right-minded, stable portion of the community, whose yea means yea, and whose nay means nay, without any codicil of qualification or whittling down.

I suppose no person is at all times perfectly consistent; but your most intolerable specimen of inconsistency is he who, enclosed in a pharasaical panoply, gives out rules for the feelings and behavior of others, under certain circumstances, which he himself is at the very time most palpably ignoring in his conduct.

I once knew an old man who considered himself possessed of every virtue under the sun; sweet patience and forgiveness of injuries being the virtues he particularly plumed himself upon, and enjoined upon others, who unfortunately for him were gifted with sense enough to know "when the same rule did not work both ways."

For many placid years nothing turned up in his own experience to test this favorite virtue. At last the test came, and of course blew to the winds his pharasaical meekness in a torrent of vituperation upon the luckless offender, the like of which never was approached by any person whom he had edified with self-imposed lectures "upon the duty of forgiveness under injuries;" proving, without a doubt, this homely moral: that in going through the world it makes a vast difference to an individual whether his own toes are trod upon or those of his neighbor

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WILY.—The late Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Asis, was without doubt sufficiently eccentric to occasion constant trouble, not only among his own Ministers, but also where the foreign ambassadors were concerned.

One of the ambassadors, however, General Ignatieff, of Russia, was astute enough to outwit him, and to introduce the business of nations to his Majesty under the guise of personal pleasure.

At one time the Sultan absolutely declined to grant an audience to any member of the diplomatic corps, and spent the greater part of his time in cock fighting—an amusement of which he became passionately fond.

One day, Ignatieff learned that his Majesty was in great need of fresh birds, to fill the places of those vanquished in fight. Thereupon he procured a fine looking white fowl, of the barnyard tribe, had it trimmed and spurred to resemble a game cock, and despatched it in a richly decorated cage to the Sultan.

The ruse was completely successful, for the Sultan, at first delighted with the gift, soon sent for the ambassador to present himself at the palace, to explain, if he could, why the bird had no inclination to fight.

Ignatieff speedily went, examined the bird in the presence of the Sultan, and, with well-feigned astonishment and regret, acknowledged that his gift was quite unable to cope with the royal game-cocks, which were of an undoubtedly superior race.

A conference followed on the subject of game-cocks in general and this one in particular, and when the diplomatist had succeeded in drawing the Sultan into a conversational mood, he adroitly introduced the political matter he had so long awaited an opportunity to discuss. After a long conversation, he returned to his embassy, radiantly triumphant over his other colleagues.

STRANGERS ON ROYAL THRONES.—Of the half dozen strange princelings occupying the smaller thrones of Europe, the most considerable is King George of Greece, who is the second son of the present King of Denmark. He was elected King of the Hellenes by the National Assembly, under instructions from Great Britain, France and Russia, just after his predecessor, a small Bavarian Prince, had been driven from the throne. King George's father was the first of his own dynasty in Denmark, having been declared heir to a childless king in 1852.

Bulgaria's little neighbor, Roumania, has another of the little German princes, elected under outside influence in 1866 and proclaimed King Charles in 1881. He is a son of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.

Several of the German states have new-made sovereigns. The King of Bavaria, though descended from the ancient Electors of Bavaria, owes his title of king to the fact that it was conferred upon his ancestors by Napoleon I.

Prince Albrecht, Duke of Brunswick, cousin of the present German Emperor, was elected to his little throne in 1885, the Duke of Cumberland having been excluded from the succession because he would not give up his claim to Hanover.

Half a dozen other dynasties were founded within the present century by election, which usually means that German princelings were placed upon ancient thrones by agreement of the Powers. The father of the present King of the Belgians was a prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and was placed on the throne in the early years of the century.

The dynasty of Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway dates from 1818, when Bernadotte, Napoleon's marshal, ascended the throne, having been declared heir to the throne eight years before.

King Humbert of Italy is only the second of his line, though he comes of an ancient royal house, and Spain had a foreigner on her throne for a little while in the person of Amadeus. Her present little king, being a posthumous son, came to thrust from the throne his young sister, proclaimed queen some months before his birth.

CLEVERLY FOOLED.—"If people who follow 'brands' and makers' name knew of half the swindles perpetrated with labels they'd be astounded," said a London wine merchant.

"Why, I know of a man, an ex-engraver, who can forge the labels of any brand of wine in existence. This is his sole occupation, and working in league with him are a clique of rogues who buy up quantities of empty wine and champagne bottles from hotels and restaurants.

"Some of this gang have been wine merchant' assistants, and understand bottling, and they fill the bottles with a low-priced but drinkable port, claret, champagne, etc., and affix cleverly forged labels of the most expensive brands, bearing the names of foreign growers.

"Not only are the bottles peculiar to each grower used, but they even procure the proper gold and silver foil from France, and as to the corks, they know where to find a cork cutter to the trade who will supply any shape and kind required.

"Seals are easily imitated by taking an impression, and putting cobwebs on port wine bottles is an old dodge. They plant these spurious wines at certain restaurants and clubs, the wine buyer 'standing in.' I know three high-class restaurants where these imitations are constantly sold to people dining there as genuine brands.

"So perfect are the forged labels that a military officer actually paid these sharpers over $500 for some Madeira worth $50, which they advertised as dating from the battle of Waterloo.

A very well-known nobleman, too, was victimised over some pretended Pommery to the tune of $1,000, and I could give you the name of a big firm of wine merchants who were swindled for nearly $15,000 (a few bottles of genuine wine being procured and opened for them to taste), and dared not prosecute, for it would simply have ruined their business for it to become known that they had had hundreds of falsely labelled wines in their cellars, some of which they had even resold to their customers."

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Humorous.

Turn, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego
And drink thy fill of mirth;
Man wants but little here below,
He only wants the earth.

"This is a waste of time," remarked the inebriated individual as he threw his watch down the sewer.

Wife: How sweetly the baby sleeps. Husband: Yes. The poor little fellow; he doesn't know I've come home.

Now that the ladies have taken to the wheel the men don't bend over so much. This is, no doubt, because they like to sit up with the girls.

This startling head line lately appeared in an Eastern paper: "He Died Without a Doctor." This is carrying matters a little too far.

They pressed forward and closely examined the Roentgen photograph. "His liver," they said, "is the image of his father's, but he gets his lungs from his mother's folks."

Professor: Can you tell me who was Aristophanes, and how long he lived?

Student: I'd like to accommodate you, professor, but the truth is I don't know as much about him as you do!

Blobbs: Poor Jones! I hear he has one foot in the grave.

Slobbs: Why, man, he's dead and buried.

Blobbs: Yes, I know. One of his legs was amputated before he died.

There was an unfortunate break at a wedding the other night. Instead of playing the wedding march after the ceremony the organist struck up: "She May Have Seen Better Days."

Dolly: I told Mr. Nicefellow that I bet Reggie twenty kisses our boat would win a race at the regatta.

Daisy: Well, wasn't he shocked?

Dolly: No; I let him hold the stakes.

Mrs. Minks: Isn't it queer that such a little bit of country as England can rule such a vast amount of territory?

Mr. Minks: Well, I don't know. You're not very big yourself, my dear.

He: Arctic explorers are the safest men in the world to trust yourself to.

She: Why so?

He: They are always cool in the time of greatest danger.

Officer, as he pulls Col. Bloodgood of Kentucky, from the water: Are you seriously injured, colonel?

Col. Bloodgood: Not a particle, sah. I didn't swallow a mouthful of it.

Guest, pushing them away from him: I don't like the way you cook eggs at this restaurant.

Waiter: What's the trouble, sir?

Guest: You don't cook them soon enough.

Nellie: Look at those pretty cows, Maudie.

Maudie: They are not cows; they are calves, dear.

Nellie: But what is the difference?

Maudie: Why, cows give milk and calves give jelly.

"They say Frenchmen are fond of frogs' legs."

"I suppose for the same reason that the German loves beer."

"Same reason?"

"Certainly. They're both full of hops."

New Yorker: I tell you, Jones is just coining money out in Omaha.

Traveling Englishman, overhearing and writing in notebook: Counterfeiting is so extensively practiced in the United States that the citizens openly speak of it on the street.

Principal, to commercial traveler, returning from his travels: How came you to charge such low prices to Schmidt, who is well known to be a shaky customer?

Commercial traveler: I thought to myself, if the man happens to fail we shouldn't lose so much by him.

Nell: I think I will bleach my hair.

Belle: Nonsense; everybody will laugh at you.

Nell: But they won't know it. I'm going to move to another town.

Belle: Doesn't matter. If you bleach your hair you can't keep it dark.

Uncle Silas, visiting the city: By ginger spruce, 'Mandy, here's suthin' we gotter see.

'Mandy: What's that, Silas?

Uncle Silas: Why looker here (reading museum sign), "The only baldheaded man alive with a full head of hair." I wouldn't miss hit for a quarter.

A person overheard two countrymen, who were observing a naturalist in the field collecting insects, say to one another:

"What's that fellow doing?"

"Why, he's a naturalist."

"What's that?"

"Why, a fellow that catches gnats, to be sure."

Hotel clerk, suspiciously: Your bundle has come apart. May I ask what that queer thing is?

Guest: This is a new patent fire escape. I always carry it, so in case of fire I can let myself down from the hotel window. See?

Clerk, thoughtfully: I see. Our terms for guests with fire escapes, sir, are invariably cash in advance.

Raising Up Children.—It is the duty of mothers to teach or to have their children taught to be generally useful. We live at a period when changes are more rapid and numerous than ever before, and none can tell what a day may bring forth.

Therefore begin early to teach little children to sew. This may be done as amusement with the making of dolls' clothes. We say little children, as we include both boys and girls. How many men who have emigrated have to look after their own clothing, darning stockings, sewing on buttons, strings, etc., and the capability of putting a neat patch on a torn or worn garment is most desirable.

Little girls, especially daughters of the middle classes, should from their earliest days be taught to find pleasure in assisting in household matters.

For instance, we know a small girl whose duty it is to see that serviettes and bibs are always in their places on the nursery table, and to put them in their places when they have been used.

After meals she has a tiny dustpan and brush to sweep up the crumbs made by herself and brothers during the meal. Of course in houses where several nurses are kept this would not be altogether a wise arrangement, but where one nurse only is employed, such little duties are not only a benefit, but a pleasure to a child, as most children revel in the idea of helping mother or nurse.

Children should also be most particularly taught to put their clothes tidily on chairs at night, and when they are old enough to do so, to hang up their dresses in wardrobes, to fold and put away sashes, hair ribbons, etc. Early training in matters of this kind will instill tidy habits that remain for a lifetime.

The German custom of training girls in cookery and housekeeping as soon as their education is finished, is one that American parents would do well to imitate.

How much domestic discomfort would be avoided were all our American girls trained in the practical management of a house.

Mothers with daughters should let them take the housekeeping in turns, allowing them to use their own judgment, within certain limits, as to ordering meals, arranging work, etc.

The failures that occur through inexperience would be of less consequence, and more easily rectified under a mother's eyes, than when a girl is left to her own resources in her own home after marriage.

Aided by Science.—In murder cases, men deeply versed in scientific mysteries are frequently called upon to aid in the detection of the criminal by their knowledge.

The character of suspicious stains found on furniture, or clothing may be decided by the microscope, which has also demonstrated that human hairs have marked individuality.

Not long ago a single hair—the evidence in a murder case—was shown to a microscopist with the request to determine whether it was from the head of a suspected man, whose hair was of the same color.

The specialist found, after careful consideration, that it was sufficiently unlike to acquit him. Subsequently the real culprit was captured, and his hair was found to be identical in character with the one first examined.

An important work on dentistry, published a short time ago, contained some remarkable instances of the identification of criminals by peculiarities in their teeth.

A man accused of murder had wounds on two of the fingers of his right hand, which had evidently been caused by peculiarly shaped human teeth. The murdered man's teeth were found to correspond, and there was conviction in due course.

A rich Russian banker had been discovered murdered in his house in St. Petersburg. There was no clue, but in the room there was found a cigar mouthpiece containing part of a cigar of such an expensive kind that it was supposed the banker himself had been smoking it.

On examination, the mouthpiece was found to be worn away by the teeth of the owner, but the dead man's teeth did not fit the indentation.

One by one the servants were examined, and it was then found that the hollows of the mouthpiece compared exactly to the formation of the front teeth of the cook, to whom no suspicion had been attached. He afterwards confessed to the murder.

Against the Rule.—It is rather a shock to find that serious charges have not only been made, but proved, against the busy bee, which, hitherto, has always been held up as such a pattern of virtue and industry. Yet so it is, and a foreign naturalist, who has studied the life and ways of this generally most intelligent species of insects, has discovered that there are backsliders who become inveterate drunkards and thieves when opportunity offers.

In Buchner's "Psychic Life of Animals" it is stated that thievishly-inclined bees will, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well-stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and inhabitants, rob the hives, and carry off the provisions.

After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence: they recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and at length they form regular colonies of brigand-bees. There is one variety of bees—the Sphecodes—which lives exclusively upon plunder.

That drinking in excess frequently leads to crime is as true amongst bees, as amongst human communities, for it has been found that thievish bees can be produced artificially by giving working-bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon, too soon, acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effects upon them as upon human beings: they become ill-disposed and irritable, and lose all desire to work; and then, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well-supplied hives.

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For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 6.00 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.15 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.50, 9.15 a m, 4.31 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

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